THE CASE OF MR. ACHESON

TENSION IN EUROPE

The Reporter

January 9, 1951

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Rice in Asia: The farmer never catches up with the birth rate

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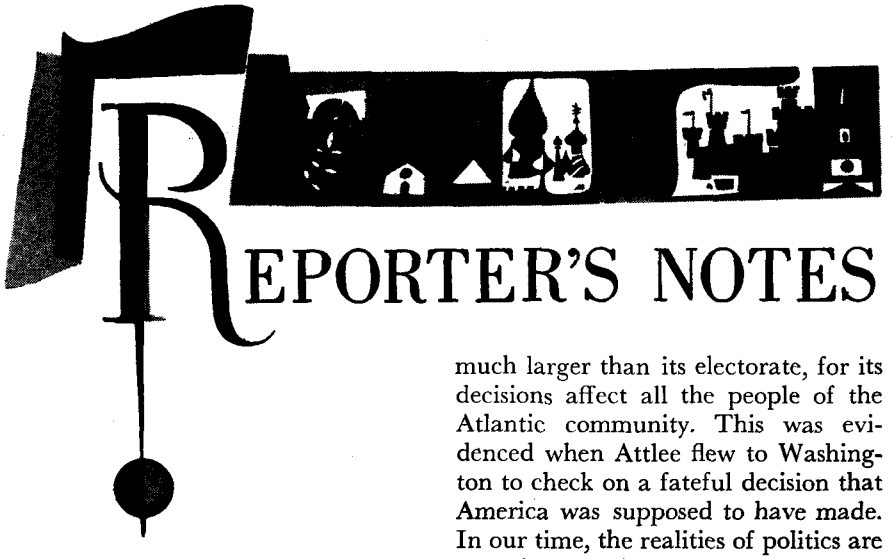

REPORTER'S NOTES

Background to Brussels

After the blow we received on the Pacific periphery, our attention is now being called to the real heart of things, western Europe, where we are face to face with Soviet Russia. In Brussels, the western powers will either unite in defense of the civilization they share, or else they will give the Communist columns, waiting inside and outside, the signal to take over the continent.

It is a strange, resilient thing, our western civilization. Recently it has been called, in less rhetorical terms, ERP and Atlantic alliance. In spite of all the solemn proclamations, the countries of western Europe have not been particularly successful in merging their political, economic, and military sovereignties. We ourselves have not been very responsive when Europeans have advised us to merge at least some shreds of our own sovereignty into the Atlantic alliance. Yet the internal politics of each Atlantic nation reacts on the others as if some form of federal union were already in existence. A vote in a party caucus on Capitol Hill or elections in Bavaria and Westphalia can produce hope or despair all over the not-yet-born and probably never-to-be-born union.

In our country the politicians do not yet seem to have caught the idea that there is little distinction left between internal and foreign affairs. Or perhaps they have sensed it, but most of them are too set in their ways to think it through. Actually, the constituency of the American Congress is much larger than its electorate, for its decisions affect all the people of the Atlantic community. This was evidenced when Attlee flew to Washington to check on a fateful decision that America was supposed to have made. In our time, the realities of politics are way ahead of the constitutional forms. The statesmen in Brussels represent the core of what may be called an emergency coalition government.

In Brussels, the western nations can put up a challenge to Soviet Russia, which wants a disarmed, helpless Europe. The case of Germany is just a test. If Russia ever wants to rearm a united Germany, it would not listen to Schumacher or Niemoeller. For there can never be a neutral Europe. Either Europe stands with us, or it will be forced to march against us.

Are there really people in our midst who can look with indifference on the prospect of a Communist Europe bent on destroying America?

Flirting with Sedition

In *Life's* editorial of December 11, 1950, the following words appear: "If there be any among our leaders who still refuse to perceive the naked facts of conflict, let them go now. If they do not go, let them be driven out by dismissal, by impeachment, *by any means required*. . . ." (Italics ours.) It would be interesting to know what *Life* had in mind when it said "any means required." Is it suggesting some less conventional method of disposing of officials than dismissal or impeachment? Webster has a word for this: sedition—"Excitement of discontent against the government, or of resistance to lawful authority."

In these nerve-racking days, we are all tempted to say rash, passionate things, driven, we like to assume, by an anguished concern with the fate of our country. Yet were these words not right before our eyes, we would refuse to believe that they had been printed in a publication that millions of people read, at home and abroad. We do not always agree with Mr. Luce, as the readers of *The Reporter* probably know by now; we deeply regret that at this particular time Mr. Luce's concern with Chiang Kai-shek and China has led him to advocate an all-out war exactly in the zone the enemy has chosen and where we are least likely to win. But as for Mr. Luce's patriotism, his devotion to the Constitution and the laws of our country, we cannot bear to have any doubt. We prefer to think that some member of his staff, eager to please him, has gone far too far.

A few weeks ago the name of Anna Rosenberg was dragged through all the papers simply because a man of doubtful reputation did not see her in 1936 at a John Reed Club meeting. But there has been strangely little comment, as far as we know, about *Life*'s flirtation with sedition in December, 1950.

On a Prophet

In a recent speech, former Ambassador Joseph Kennedy urged the United States to get out of Europe. "The truth," he said, "is that our only real hope is to keep Russia, if she chooses to march, on the other side of the Atlantic, and make Communism much too costly for her to try to cross the seas."

In his memoirs, Cordell Hull wrote (p. 766): "Kennedy, however, concluded his dispatch [in May, 1940] by asking what we could do, and saying it seemed to him that if we had to fight to protect our lives, we should do better fighting in our own back yard."

Franco and Tito

Some readers have asked us why we are so rough on that would-be ally Franco, while we have not said much about the Franco of the Left, Tito. If our country gives food and weapons to Tito, it is said, why not to Franco? The answer is simple. We don't like either of them. But Tito has Stalinist armies grimly poised on his border, while Franco has not. Moreover, if, for reasons beyond our control, we have to admit a man of doubtful ancestry to a family reunion, why extend the invitation to all his peers?

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Correspondence

'Too-Familiar Technique'

To the Editor: Re "Taft and the Ohio Press," if you are against biased journalism, why do you commission a biased writer to say so?

The article uses the all-too-familiar technique of distortion by selection. Over three columns are devoted to the Cleveland *Plain Dealer,* while only four other papers are mentioned, their space allotment being about a third of a column.

One of the four, the Mansfield *Journal,* is hardly a fair example of Ohio journalism. Two others are represented in the article only by headlines, a practice which anyone familiar with copy-desk work knows can be misleading.

The Ohio press, sir, is a far more extensive institution than that. The writer himself states that there are a hundred or so dailies in the state. I am not acquainted with most of them, but the Cleveland papers I do know.

It would seem to me that in any appraisal of the Ohio press, the Cleveland *Press* should not be ignored. It is, after all, the largest paper in the state. My recollection of its campaign coverage is that Taft and Ferguson stories ran side by side on the same page almost every day.

If no criticism can be made of it or the Cleveland *News,* which is a thoroughly hidebound Republican paper, even by a biased writer, I don't believe Clevelanders have much cause for alarm.

As for the writer's criticism of the *Plain Dealer's* cartoon, it is news to me that such cartoons are not an integral part of the "undeniable right" of editorial opinion.

His statement that Ferguson's speeches were drafted "with absolutely no direction from any labor group" is pure hogwash unless you deny the identity of those who shadowed Ferguson throughout his campaign and unless you deny almost everything either he or the labor bosses said, for the similarity of their views could hardly have been coincidental.

If the writer had extended the scope of his article a bit, he might have pointed out that many of the papers which endorsed Taft also endorsed Democratic Governor Lausche. The *Plain Dealer* was one of them. I wonder if he was reluctant to do that, for had he discovered bias in favor of Lausche his partisan outlook might have been destroyed.

I hold no brief for the *Plain Dealer's* editing of the Alsop column. I do feel it is an isolated incident, and indictment neither of that newspaper nor of the Ohio press. And parenthetically, I view with suspicion the Alsops' attempt to convert international policy into a percentage formula. They do not state the formula. Some amendments were given double weight, they say. What amendments were they, and which did they ignore? I fear the complexities of the legislative process don't lend themselves to such treatment. If two children were to say they both like oatmeal, peanuts, and ice cream, can one conclude that they are duplicate twins?

HENRY LUCE III
Cleveland

[*For a fellow Ohion's views on Governor Lausche let snappish Reader Luce turn to page 31.—Ed.*]

'Chorus of Praise'

To the Editor: It is interesting to note the chorus of praise in your correspondence page each issue for your impartiality. Impartiality in a fortnightly of facts and ideas is highly to be commended. For some strange reason I note that there never is a letter of dissent—all the letters heap praise on your publication. It is also interesting to note, in the December 12 issue, "Taft and the Ohio Press," the scorn you show for an Ohio publication for not printing a protest note in its letters-to-the-editor page.

I wonder what happens to the many letters of dissent and protest you receive—none ever appear. I have written several myself, and know of many others that have been sent you—concerning distortion of fact.

I can think of only two possible explanations: You are deliberately distorting, or you do not have the courage to face the slightest opposition. If you read similar letters-to-the-editor columns—in publications you profess to despise: For example in the Cleveland *Plain Dealer,* the Chicago *Tribune, Time,* you will find the letters of frequent contributors who dissent. If you think, as you would seem to by your letters page, that you have won universal approval of your readers, you are even more deluded than I have thought—and I would give you a blue ribbon for delusion. In accordance with your established policy, of course, you will not print this.

H. P. EDGAR
Chicago

[*In accordance with our established policy, we are printing it.—The Editors*]

In Favor

To the Editor: I would like to commend you on the generally good content of *The Reporter,* and specifically upon the article "Taft and the Ohio Press."

MURIEL GREENHILL
Bronxville, New York

Having received many letters in protest to William H. Hessler's recent article, "World Government: Minimal, Medial, Maximal," The Reporter *will publish a selection of them as a forum page in an early issue. A prominent opponent of Mr. Hessler has been invited to contribute an article stating his viewpoint.*

Contributors

Graham Hutton is a British commentator on politics and economics. . . . Alain Clément has written on German politics for Swiss, Belgian, and French newspapers since the end of the last war. . . . Jean-Jacques Servan Schreiber, French journalist, writes regularly for *Le Monde* and *The Reporter.* . . . McGeorge Bundy, a member of the faculty at Harvard, was co-author with Henry L. Stimson of *On Active Service in Peace and War.* . . . Helen Hill Miller is Washington correspondent for the London *Economist.* . . . Beverley Bowie, now on the staff of *Pathfinder,* wrote *Operation Bughouse,* a satire on the OSS. . . . Hans H. Landsberg, an economist, was co-author of *American Agriculture: 1899-1939.* . . . Jean Lyon covered North China for the New York *Times* during the Communist revolution in that area. . . . James Maxwell's work has appeared in *The New Yorker.* . . . Madeleine Chapsal, a Frenchwoman, illustrated her own article. . . . Cover by John McDermott; photographs from Black Star.

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The Reporter
A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

January 9, 1951 Volume 4, No. 1

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Editorial

The Case of Mr. Acheson

The extraordinary thing about the campaign against Secretary Acheson is that nearly everybody who has been attacking him has hidden behind somebody else. He seems to have lost the confidence of the people because somebody has heard somebody say that he has lost the confidence of the people. This has had the strange quality of a gigantic campaign conducted through chain letters—mostly anonymous. National commentators—with glee, with regret, or sometimes with a gleeful regret—have told newspaper and radio audiences of the mounting anti-Acheson "sentiment"; and so the public has been informed, day in and day out, of its growing distrust for Acheson.

There has been something horribly unfair about the whole man-hunt, unfair to Acheson and unfair to the American people. A few weeks before the Chinese Communists struck in Korea, Acheson had with extreme boldness established a new line of offense and of defense at the United Nations. At long last, the Russian veto in the Security Council could not paralyze any measure the non-Communist nations would take to reduce the dangers of war. The long political battle of attrition had turned into a battle of movement.

Then, when the still (at best) unexplained military offensive "to end the war" was launched, the political line that Acheson had established was completely outflanked by the enemy—in Asia, in Germany, in the councils of the United Nations, in the minds and in the fears of men. This ill-timed, ill-conceived military adventure produced three disastrous results: The fruits of Acheson's political victory were squandered; the doctrine of resistance to aggression "wherever it may occur" was exploded; the limitations of our strength were dramatized in the eyes of the whole world. The offensive showed that our diplomatic operations at Lake Success and our military operations in Korea were unsynchronized. Probably, as a member of the Administration, Acheson acquiesced to MacArthur's war plans, but certainly he did not sponsor or promote them. The Republican leaders in Congress had been crying, "Let MacArthur have his way," but when it became clear that we had suffered a military and political defeat, they had only this to say: "Acheson must go."

Our Fettered Diplomacy

The Korean disaster epitomizes the plight Acheson has been in since the day he took office. All the time he has had to cope with that Messianic universalism that makes us sponsor principles to be applied "everywhere in the world" and pledge ourselves to resist aggression "wherever it may occur." All the time he has had to conduct a foreign policy that he knew was backed up by inadequate military strength. And all the time he has had to defend himself against an unmerciful internal opposition. Until Secretary Marshall took over, Acheson had to wrangle about the basic lines of national policy with the Department of Defense. He tried to do the best he could in Asia, partly relying on the hope that some day Republican factionalism would subside, partly giving in to it.

Diplomacy can utilize strength, capitalize on achievement, or hide weaknesses. At times Acheson produced magnificent results. His diplomacy capitalized on the achievement of the Marshall Plan by establishing the Atlantic alliance. Even universalism became nearly workable in his reform of the U.N. that could have made the General Assembly the active instrument of the non-Communist nations all united against Communist subversion. Thanks to a clever combination of diplomatic and military tools, the Truman Doctrine was upheld in Greece, in Turkey, and, up to the time when the end-the-war offensive was launched, in Korea. Yet all this time the major effort of Secretary Acheson was to gain enough elbow room for the deployment of a global anti-Communist policy of his own—total diplomacy, as he called it.

He has been like a man engaged in high logarithmic computations who is forced constantly to take time off and explain to his critics what is the sum total of two and two. This peculiar situation has cramped the eloquence of one of the most quick-minded, articulate Americans. As a sort of a compromise between explaining high policies and stat-

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ing the obvious, he has taken to the habit of giving terse, uncolloquial formulations to elementary rules of wisdom that everybody takes for granted in international politics. The principle that diplomacy is of little use to a nation without enough available strength is about as plain as the one that there must be some relationship between circulation of credit and bank reserves. The danger in overstressing either principle is that panic may spread about what really backs up diplomacy or credit.

Acheson's rational mind has led him to rationalize the fetters that have prevented him from developing a supple foreign policy. He has, with increasing insistence, explained why we cannot have any fruitful diplomatic communication with our major potential enemy and laid down the universal, timeless conditions that must come before the re-establishment of profitable communication.

Constantly accused of being alien to his people, of not speaking their language, he has made it a point to express himself in the plainest possible terms. Once, when a friend of his was judged guilty of a terrible crime, he found that the most appropriate way to say what he felt was to repeat the simple words of Christ. That was the high mark of his persecution. Even now, whenever the episode is recalled, many people who profess to worship God throw their Bibles at Acheson.

The Beginning of Foreign Policy

Acheson's superior qualifications have been put to test under entirely unprecedented circumstances —the circumstances of a nation that for the first time in its history has to play a major role in the internal affairs of many countries and for the first time has its destiny decided less by the way its people vote at home than by the success or failure of its policies abroad. In this sense we can say that until these times we never had a foreign policy, for in our first century and a half of national existence we never needed a sustained effort to keep our influence prevailing in the world.

Acheson has been the first Secretary of State to realize that even the most generous measures of postwar economic assistance are of limited use, for we are engaged for keeps in a struggle of unlimited scope. This struggle may become one of arms, but cannot be, by any stretch of imagination, of arms alone. We need political skill as much as weapons to keep on our side the men in other countries who may bear weapons with us. We need precise, detailed knowledge of social and political conditions in every country and every region abroad, so as to be able to act on them and influence them according to our purposes—at different times, with different methods, avoiding the pitfalls of Messianic universalism. Acheson has organized the kind of State Department that is fit to tackle these jobs.

Perhaps there has been, if not hostility, a certain apprehension in the country toward this man Acheson who has been out in front, facing the fantastic unrolling of world events, and not always at ease in telling the people what he has seen or the experiences he has gone through. The people are still unprepared for this entirely new situation of threatening world chaos, as Acheson himself probably was at first. But quite a few individuals in the nation, publishers and elected politicians, have managed to make a reputation for themselves by exploiting Acheson's self-consciousness and the people's bewilderment. About most of those men, with the exception of a few whose bad faith is unquestionable, the most charitable thing that can be said is that they do not know what they have been doing.

Some day there will be a new Secretary of State, for a man of Acheson's character and achievement cannot be kept in office just to deprive his enemies of a satisfaction. In any case, they will not have the satisfaction of demolishing him, for the man who could go through such an ordeal and grow with his job has acquired a stature quite independent of any job he may hold. By founding the Atlantic alliance, by reforming the United Nations, he established the pattern of an American foreign policy that other people's recklessness has now seriously damaged. A new man will have to start with what is left. We hope that the President will appoint the strongest possible man, preferably a Republican, for the Republicans, even more than the Democrats, need unity in their ranks and are at present threatened by a radical lunatic wing whose actions border on sedition.

As for Mr. Acheson, it would be a pity if he consented to be once more immured in a position of high official responsibility—worst of all the Supreme Bench. He owes it to himself to give the lie to those who say he has no feeling for our people. When he can speak out with no other checks than those of his conscience his place will be among the processors of popular feelings and the molders of opinion from whose ranks have come many of his cruelest torturers. He will use his new power and the incisive clarity of his mind, we trust, to call a spade a spade. This is something we need, in these murky days, just as much as we need forceful, unfettered leadership.

—Max Ascoli

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Britain's New Unity And Our New Confusion

Because Americans are in control of what the *Times* of London has called "the decisive fact of the twentieth century"—namely, "the natural alliance between the English-speaking peoples which has stood against the aggressor in two world wars and, if wisdom is swift, can still prevent a third"—they should know a few things about the sudden, spontaneous, and sweeping British reactions to the combined crises over the U.N. retreat in Korea, the Chinese Communists' invasion of Korea and their line-up with Russia at Lake Success, and Mr. Truman's famous "atomic bomb" in his end-of-November press conference. The few things Americans should know will make Attlee's sudden flight to see Mr. Truman—after the equally sudden flight of Messrs. Pleven and Schuman from Paris to London—more comprehensible.

Britishers, whether Tory or Labourite, have adapted their thinking pretty quickly and thoroughly to their country's reduced circumstances in this postwar era. They have had to take a lot more than American and Canadian material aid since 1945—or should one say 1941? They have had to take their empire's liquidation (over which Churchill had sworn he wouldn't preside—and over which he wasn't called on to preside); the reduction of British authority in the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development, the International Monetary Fund, and other such organs of reconstruction; and the parallel reduction in British influence over the future of Germany and Japan to that of a minor war participant. Relative to their national output, Britishers have also had to underwrite the maintenance of armed forces, "policing operations," and capital investments in underdeveloped countries of Asia and Africa at a higher proportion than that of any other country in the West.

But Americans will recall that Britishers, Tory and Labourite, without any bickering in the Commons, also took the outbreak of the Korean War and rallied to the American lead forthwith. There was a little delay about the exact strength Britain could spare from Malaya, Hong Kong, and elsewhere, but Mr. Attlee's military advisers were apparently overruled on this point; and the British land, sea, and air strength sent to Korea swiftly became second to the American in size. Britain's military experts, however, have not been happy for some time about the Korean campaign, and the reasons are now plain. When Mr. Attlee's Cabinet took its constitutionally unanimous decision to back up General MacArthur to the fullest possible extent—even at some risk—it did so over the anxious warnings of many leading Foreign Office officials and military advisers. The reasons for the warnings were the exposed flank in Europe and Communist China's strategic advantage along the hinterland of Indo-China, Thailand, Burma, and India.

As early as last summer the Chinese were "feeling" this wall for cracks, and they found some between Indo-China and Tibet-Nepal before going into North Korea in force. The outlook for the crucial British areas of Malaya—and Thailand, and the French and former Dutch areas, with their tin, rubber, rice, oil, teak, and other raw materials critical for the West—has worsened. But the British, French, Siamese, Indians, Burmese, Pakistanis, and others are in no shape to wage a full-scale war in Korea *and* in all Southeast Asia. Add to these British anxieties the fears for western Europe, the rearmament drive, and the growing strain on Britain's economy due to the world-wide inflation of raw-material prices (a very high percentage of Britain's industrial raw materials has to be imported), and Americans will realize why the British now face a dilemma.

That dilemma became obvious to British political leaders in all parties during the fall. As world prices soared, the British cost of living soared with them. All the unwelcome signs of the shortages and strains of 1947 began to reappear. But this time, instead of armament production and expenditure being steadily reduced they are now threatening civilian consumption, exports, re-equipment, and development of the underdeveloped lands of Asia and Africa. For either a Labour Government that has promised the British people a Utopia or a "shadow" Tory Government that might have to take over when that Utopia fades, this dilemma is exasperating. It arises from the threat of a third world war. Therefore if that threat could in any way be

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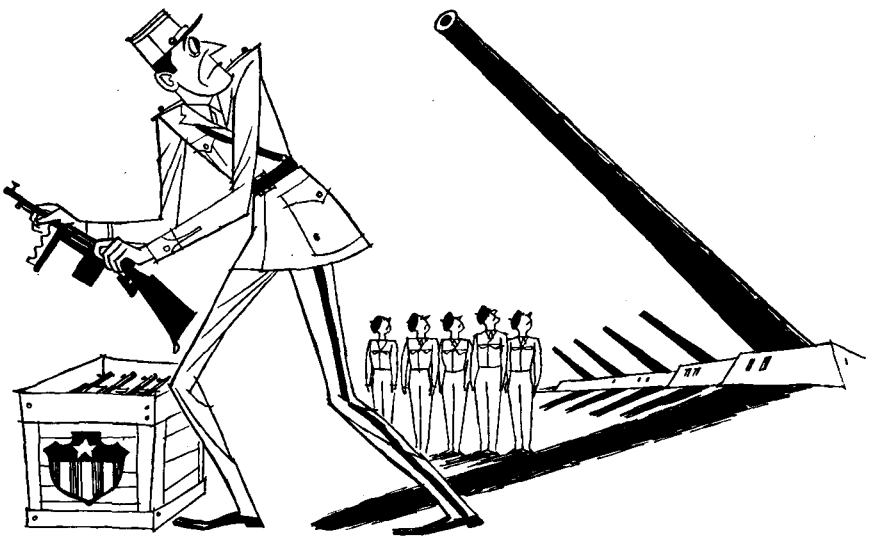
exorcised, so might the dilemma along with it. Thus ran the simple British argument. It rallied to its support two outstanding Tory anti-appeasers of the 1933-1939 period, Anthony Eden in the Commons and the Marquess of Salisbury in the Lords, as well as the oddly assorted "appeasers" of Russia on the "Keep Left" fringe of the Labour Party. Thus the dilemma itself was responsible for the temporary disappearance of Britain's party lines.

Presently came Anthony Eden's suggestion that Mr. Attlee ought to go to Washington at once. This was a time, said Eden, when Britain should be represented in America "at the very highest level." Eying the "Keep Left" appeasers, Mr. Attlee announced that he would be glad to go, especially with the prior cachet of the Conservative Opposition upon his portfolio. And so it came about that as American bipartisan foreign policy faded out, British bipartisan foreign policy faded in.



Americans would do well to note the British reactions to recent internal American political squabbling. Tories and Labourites are alike bewildered, anxious, and uncertain because it is impossible to place as much reliance today upon an official American request, suggestion, or interpretation as it was a year or two ago. It is impossible to do so because the bipartisan American foreign policy of that period seems, in European eyes at least, to have melted away.

In its place today Europeans see both Republicans and Democrats crossing their party lines, the State Department under fire from both, the President trying to keep a united all-American policy dovetailed into that of the U.N., and the military and defense programs of America shuttled about from pillar to post. (This, I say, is how it *seems*. Americans may reply that it seems like that in America, too, and always has.) Consequently both British Tories and Labourites—and for that matter the French, Dutch, Germans, and other west Europeans who are supposed to make the North Atlantic defense system work—have gotten scared.

To Americans familiar with their own domestic political shenanigans, it may seem stupid for Europeans to react with such convulsive spasms and knee jerks, especially when Americans are carrying the burden of western defense, from Korea to Kiel, anyway. But they must take into account a lot of other things. For example: It does not seem to Europeans fair, natural, or all in the day's work for the swiftly boosted American defense program to result in immediate doubling and trebling of many stockpiling orders so that zinc, wool, cotton, rubber, tin, copper, lead, etc., go off the market, or through the roof in price. This may immediately and temporarily result in solving the entire sterling area's dollar problem; it may balance that area's payments; it may wondrously raise even Britain's gold and dollar balances; but it doesn't solve Britain's—or Europe's—economic problems, which consist in paying for a flood of necessary imports at through-the-roof prices. As this British dilemma is appreciated by all parties, anxiety about American policy grows.

Then there is that perennial emotional and psychological cause of excitement—the bomb. Mr. Truman revealed nothing at his notorious end-of-November press conference that wasn't known fairly well, or that couldn't have been fairly well deduced, in Britain. But probably neither the President nor the reporters realized how much tinder was waiting for a spark in Britain. Many British families have relatives who have been fighting Communists in Malaya and Korea and Greece, or who face Russians in Germany and Austria. Many more have only to shut their eyes in broad daylight to hear in their imagination the whine of bombs, the blatting growl of a V-1, or the roar of a V-2's descent in the wake of its explosions. Suddenly to see in their evening papers that Mr. Truman had "admitted" that the use of *the bomb* of all bombs was being considered by the military and by the political and executive organs of American government was too much—especially in that bad November week.

Said a cheerful Cockney bus conductor to a line of would-be passengers in the rush hour: "'Ere y'are: standing room only. Blackout begins again. Better 'urry 'ome and take the garden-rollers aht uv yer air-ryde shelters!" The passengers had thought, on the basis of General MacArthur's rosy press releases, that the prickly Korean business was going to "be over by Christmas." Now Britishers were reading about the "possible" use of the atomic bomb, and four divisions of Chinese troops shoving "our lads" back. They were thinking of those acid jokes between 1931 and 1939 about the Japs losing only half as many men as the Chinese but leaving the Chinese smiling and saying "Pretty soon no Japs left!"

Was it the signal for the diversionary feint, to be followed by the "one-two" on western Europe? Was it all part of a diabolical Russo-Sino-Communist plan first to divide the armed forces of the western nations, and then to tie up their shipping, break the back of their domestic economic structures, and panic their civilian voters and con-

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sumers? There was plenty of material to feed the fires of British anxiety. The wonder is not that some of it took fire but that so little did; not that Americans got blamed for leaving matches around but that criticism in Britain was directed as much at British, French, and other sins of omission and commission as at American sins.

There will remain some searching problems after the Truman-Attlee meeting. The first arises from the unique position of the United States within the U.N. Britishers of all parties have adapted their thinking, as I have said, to America's ruling the postwar western roost. But the *way* America rules it is immensely important to Britishers and Europeans. When Britain policed the entire nineteenth-century world, it did not have to consider any alliances or anyone's feelings. Its job was easy compared with America's today, but few Britishers realize it. They have been used to the prewar League of Nations and to the postwar U.N. for over a generation now. So when the White House, State Department, MacArthur's headquarters, Congress, and one or two other American institutions start publicly overhauling American strategy, tactics, logistics, and foreign policy, or backing and filling over Chiang Kai-shek, or Peking, or Germany, or Japan, or anything else, Britishers give way to self-doubts and soul-searchings. Were they right to leave so much in Korea to the overriding day-to-day discretion of Washington and MacArthur? Is America really the U.N.'s agent?

In Britain itself there are other reasons for soul-searching. British foreign policy, sniped at for five years, not by the Tories but by the "Keep Left" Labour backbencher's has been in no man's land again now for six months—quite apart from Korea. The slow, ponderous self-assurance of Ernest Bevin at the Foreign Office—over recognition of Peking, as over the Ruhr, or Palestine, or Egypt—has had its worst knocks these past few months; and the uncertainties about Britain's role and responsibilities in Korea have done him much harm. (He can take a lot, but being left home while Mr. Attlee saw Mr. Truman was far more pointed than anything he has had to take hitherto.)

Tories and moderate Labourites alike were rudely twisted round to the "Keep Left" Labourites' viewpoint by the quick succession of shocks in October and November: namely, the offensive beyond the 38th parallel, the Yalu River objective, Peking's instant reaction by invasion, and the rout of the U.N. forces. The uncomfortable conviction that Britain was either drifting in an American canoe or being taken for a ride on an American roller coaster spread like wildfire. Quite apart from its obvious purpose of securing long-overdue dovetailing "at the highest level" between the global foreign and defense policies of the two leading English-speaking peoples, Mr. Attlee's flight to Blair House served the subtler purposes of welding the Labour Party together again on these crucial matters, restoring the Labour Government's prestige in the eyes of a doubting nation, recovering its title to speak for that nation in the U.N. and the councils of the world, and restaking its claim to speak to Washington in behalf of all western Europe.

This last point is important. Since M. Schuman stole the thunder from British Labourites with his famous plan, the Labour Party has been on the defensive at home and abroad—in the U.N., in the OEEC in Paris, in the Council of Europe at Strasbourg, in Parliament at Westminster, and up and down Britain. Mr. Churchill and the Tories, while making neither their criticisms of the Schuman Plan nor their alternative to it clear, at any rate made the going difficult for the Labour Government at home. The French seemed the white-haired boys of Washington. They were getting the lion's share of the new military aid under the North Atlantic Treaty. Their Indo-Chinese empire was being underpinned directly by American aid. They could even flout Washington over German rearmament and the integration of German armed units into the new west European defense force and get away with it. These were rough sticks with which to beat British Labour's back, and the Tories used them.

Then the French collapsed in Indo-China, the Peking Chinese Communist authorities took the offensive, the Germans declined to play ball over unitary European defense, and hopes were dashed in Korea. The west Europeans closed their ranks in face of the suddenly growing Communist threat to Europe. Paris and London drew together. The Tories and Labourites in Westminster drew together. And, quite properly, Mr. Attlee and his Labour Government seized the opportunity to speak to Washington not only for both Left and Right in Britain but also for what had too long been a bickering congeries of petty nationalism on the

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European continent. Thinking Britishers soon saw this and breathed more easily.

The ill Korean wind may blow the West some good if it compels the leading western nations—the United States, Canada, Britain, France, Germany, and Benelux—to take out, dust off, and start working again the rudimentary defense mechanism which they apparently put into a closet six months ago. While no Britisher has yet hazarded a reasonable guess why Russia wanted Peking to go berserk—just when Moscow was cooing in all western ears at Lake Success—it remains evident in Britain that London, Paris, and Washington must close ranks. The British reactions to MacArthurian ebullience, to the unfamiliar Presidential press-conference technique, and to Congressional crossfire should not dim, in Americans' eyes, other and parallel British reactions to recent events: Britain's all-party readiness to equip and send three or four more divisions to the continent of Europe, to press ahead with the air and land rearmament program, to keep on financing the economic development of Africa and Southeast Asia, and to maintain the export drive.

The Korean whirlwind of anxiety which engulfed Britishers of all parties as December opened has been ridden by Mr. Attlee's and Mr. Churchill's parties alike. Now that it has subsided, Britishers observe, with curious relief, that the only landmarks which have disappeared are those which formerly facilitated the progress of Communism.

The Kremlin moves in a mysterious way its wonders to perform. But if Washington, London, and Paris are to perform any wonders, they had better begin moving in the matter of mutual defense, and not too mysteriously. That is the net result of the first of this winter's nerve crises, as far as Britishers of all parties and opinions are concerned. They are prepared for worse reverses, worse crises. But they want no more drift; and they would like to see defense, rearmament, economic development of Africa and Asia, and foreign policy integrated into a really unitary program for the West as a whole.

—GRAHAM HUTTON

Voices of Germany: A Pastor and a Socialist

Rev. Martin Niemoeller

If there is one German who can be counted on to stand by his principles no matter whom they may displease, that man is Pastor Martin Niemoeller. Last November, when his dabbling in politics was violently denounced by the faithful of the Evangelical Church, of which his own Confessional Church is a branch, as usual Niemoeller would not yield. Instead of suggesting a compromise, he threatened a spectacular personal exodus to the Russian Zone: "If you wish to dispense with my services," he told the synod of Hesse-Nassau, "perhaps I had better look for a parish farther to the east."

No political leader, no matter how brilliant, would be taken seriously by anyone if he had permitted himself a tenth of the extravagant outbursts indulged in habitually by this little Protestant minister from the provinces. Not a week goes by but what Niemoeller is caught in error or libel. His innumerable charges against Chancellor Adenauer and the Allies are obvious calumnies; he constantly provides arguments to those who suspect him of Communist sympathies; he is forever being rebuked and disavowed. Recently, within the short space of ten days, he was reprimanded by the high council of the Evangelical Church, hissed by his former parishioners of Dahlem, and voted down by the synod of Hesse. He has no financial backing, no political organization, no special eloquence. He is a poor debater. But whenever he speaks, he fills the hall to overflowing.

Nazism created a moral wilderness in Germany now partially concealed by the new Christian-western orthodoxy of the Adenauer régime. It is in that desolate landscape that Niemoeller's voice has lately been heard—denouncing German rearmament. Dr. Gustav Heinemann, Minister of the Interior, opened the campaign by resigning from Adenauer's Cabinet on moral grounds. "I could no longer keep on collaborating in a policy which I could not conscientiously approve," he said, to the amazement of his compatriots.

Since when did Cabinet Ministers resign out of conscientious scruple? Well, here was one who did. If one man could make his own decision, other Germans could, and must, make theirs. The advocates of German rearmament had been fatalistic about it: "We can bargain about it," they said, "but rearmament is unavoidable." Dr. Heinemann's action said, "Rearmament can be refused." Niemoeller's attitude said, "We can refuse—we Germans."

In opposing Chancellor Adenauer's rearmament policy, Niemoeller was following the principle that has governed all of his political stands. In

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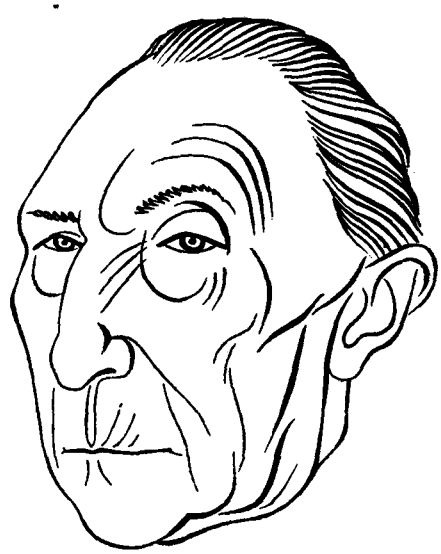
1935, when many of his present detractors were working with Hitler, Niemoeller founded his Confessional Church with those ministers who shared his determination to oppose the creation of a state church under "Reichsbischof" Mueller. It was then that he stated his own special theological conception of what should be the relationship between church and state. The six Barmen theses, published by the elite that had rallied to him despite Nazi persecution, held that the church must not intervene in politics permanently, but only in exceptional periods when it becomes necessary to guide "God's people" in the path of Providence.

God is sometimes interested in surprising causes: At the present moment, for example, Niemoeller views the Evangelical Church as a trustee for German national unity. The Evangelical Church, which administratively unites the Lutheran, the Reformed, and the Confessional Churches, is the only centrally directed German organization still functioning in all four occupation zones. Bishop Dibelius, who heads it, has an increasingly hard time preserving this symbolic unity in the face of Communist pressure on the Protestants in the East. It is rumored that Dibelius has asked the West to be tolerant of Niemoeller for fear that sanctions against him would furnish the Russians with an excuse for a purge of Protestants in their zone.

At the end of the war, the great majority of German Protestants, who had either collaborated with the Nazi régime or taken refuge in an uneasy "neutrality," had great need of a martyr. Niemoeller, with his years in concentration camps, became the incarnation of their belated repentance. He was not a man to remain content in an allegorical role. Soon he was active again, denouncing anything that he thought an abuse of power or an injustice—one of his first targets was the conduct of de-Nazification under the Allies.

Many Germans now approve Niemoeller's stand on rearmament. At a Congress of Protestant Men in Frankfurt, fifteen thousand faithful of all ages and social positions cheered his famous declaration: "Grace never depends on force." As far as Niemoeller is concerned, it is for God and God alone, and not for the armies of the West, to decide whether a year from now the faithful will have their names taken down by the MVD when they go to church.

If that day should come, any doubt about Martin Niemoeller's attitude would rapidly be dispelled. He would be found on the right side—that is to say, behind barbed wire. After having told the truth—his truth—to Hitler, General Clay, and Chancellor Adenauer, he would not find it difficult to hurl in the faces of the commissars. The apostle of neutralism is incapable of neutrality.



Chancellor Adenauer

The Socialist

When the president of the Bundestag interrupted Kurt Schumacher in a speech last October and told him his time was up, the leader of the German Social Democratic Party replied, "On the clock it may be; politically it is not." A month later, elections in Hesse, Württemberg, and Bavaria proved him right. Within eight days the leader of the opposition had become the dominant factor in German politics. He did not rest on his laurels; he never rests—but every minute he lives represents a heroic achievement of survival.

From his twentieth year, when he lost his right arm fighting in Poland, to the day in 1948 when he had his left leg amputated for gangrene developed during ten years in concentration camps, every step that Schumacher has taken toward spiritual and political maturity has been matched by increasing physical disability. Now the limit is almost reached. He has ulcers; his sight is failing; his teeth are falling out; his thigh is painful; and yet he has turned this physical degradation into a triumph. Schumacher is mutilated. Germany is mutilated. To many Germans Schumacher is a better symbol of the nation than Niemoeller.

He could have grown old gracefully, like many other eclipsed and silent German liberals—if he had not been so obdurate. In 1932 he shouted in the Reichstag: "It is the beast in man that you appeal to, Herr Goebbels!" After the Nazis put him in a concentration camp he still taunted them; again and again he went on hunger strikes.

Schumacher is not a man to write his memoirs; unlike Niemoeller, who has constantly sought to define his own at times heroic, at times merely erratic, personality by testing it against experience, Schumacher is strictly a politician in the best sense of the word. Events do not find him unprepared; he predicts them, and is ready to meet them. Like Niemoeller, he is stubborn; but unlike Niemoeller, he was right in 1932, right in 1946; his opinion should be heeded—up to a point—in 1950.

He has always been suspicious of collaboration between the Socialists and other parties. That is why he immediately refused the Communist Party's offer of a united front back in 1946. Otto Grotewohl, presiding over the powerless Berlin Government, opposed him. Grotewohl had helped Schumacher reorganize the Social Democratic Party after 1945; he was no more of a Communist than Schumacher, he was simply weak. Where would Europe and the Schuman Plan be if Schumacher had then been the "sensible" man he is asked to be today—a sensible man like Grotewohl?

In five years Schumacher has reinforced and hardened the Social Democratic Party's structure. "The old men of Weimar," such as Paul Loebe, the former Reichstag president, fulfill only ornamental functions. It might be thought that this means that the Socialists have turned authoritarian. That is not so. The old guard willingly admits that discussion is freer, more

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open now than in the days of Weimar "bourgeois" Social Democracy. Nevertheless it is a fact that Schumacher's "young Turks" hold all key positions. Most of these men are between thirty and fifty; their characters were shaped by the resistance movement; they are the survivors of Nazi repression; they are morally intransigent and, it must be admitted, politically intolerant. Kurt Schumacher has used this fearless but somewhat fanatic elite to renovate the party structure. But he uses it also to satisfy an inclination toward an increasingly ascetic political mysticism.

On Monday, October 30, 1950, Niemoeller and Schumacher met at Darmstadt in the "Brotherhood" headquarters of the Confessional Church. Coming in the midst of the debate on remilitarization, the meeting created a political sensation. The Chancellery went so far as to view it as a conspiracy against Konrad Adenauer. Actually, Schumacher's Party and Niemoeller's church have been in contact ever since 1947. The meeting's main effect was to give publicity to the alliance between the two most important Germans who opposed remilitarization.

The Socialists certainly owed a part of their recent success in the elections to this opposition. On the other hand it placed the coalition under the auspices of a rather exclusive Protestantism. For Niemoeller is the man who has said of the present republic that it was "conceived in Washington and baptized in Rome," while Schumacher has called the Catholic Church a "sixth column." Neither remark can help to attract much Catholic support.

Niemoeller and Schumacher oppose rearmament for different reasons; neither of them is anti-militarist. In Niemoeler's case this goes without saying. In the German Navy there was such a thing as duty. It also remains in Schumacher's mind. He had declared that the law on conscientious objectors should be drawn up in such a way as to give no comfort either to individual cowardice or to collective desertion. At Munich, after the elections, speaking of the support given him by veterans, he went further: "Anyone who counts on some sort of antagonism between the soldier and the Left is wasting his time."

Kurt Schumacher

The Niemoeller-Schumacher alliance can hardly be called a political front. Their programs have only one point in common: Nothing must be decided about German rearmament until there have been new elections. The Bundestag has no right to act on a problem which did not even exist when the present representatives were elected. Both Niemoeller and Schumacher are convinced that Adenauer wants to hand rearmament to the German people as a *fait accompli;* they also have the impression that the

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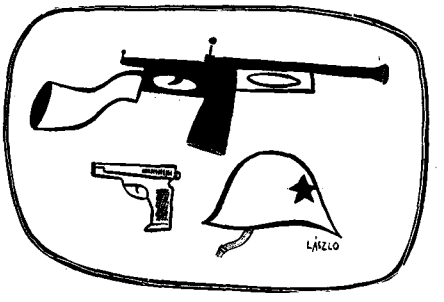
chancellor does not consider them qualified to speak on such matters. After the Bavarian elections, Adenauer remarked disdainfully: "The Socialist victory proves that the German people still can be swayed by . . . agitators."

Apart from this limited field of agreement, the two men do not think at all alike. Niemoeller apparently is incapable of seeing anything outside the limits of the German nation; Schumacher is patriotic enough, but he looks far ahead into distant perspectives of sincere internationalism. Niemoeller's opposition to rearmament is fundamental and absolute; he is convinced that rearmament must lead necessarily to a German civil war—and he places Germany's destiny above all other political considerations. What he wants for Germany is a position of privileged isolation. His neutralism is total; he views the conflict between the East and the West as a quarrel with which Germany has no business meddling. Basically he is unable to believe in international solidarity. Speaking in Berlin, he scandalized an audience by saying: "Germans have no neighbors but themselves." In a world ruled by the self-interest of nations, any crusade, he thinks, and especially any crusade that claims to represent Christianity and western civilization, is simply foreign propaganda and a heartless joke.

Schumacher takes exactly the opposite position. For him, any German military contribution will remain meaningless until that western community which so often has been created in words is finally created in fact. He would support an "Atlantic Cominform"—a merging of democracy's brains and will to liberate the nations enslaved by totalitarianism. Yet he fears national selfishness. That is why he insists that Europe must not be converted into an outlying, exposed fort in a strictly American defensive system. He refuses to have the life of a German soldier spent to save that of an American; he wants the German and the American soldier side by side to share the same fate. To put it plainly: No German soldiers will be forthcoming until the members of the Atlantic coalition have a million men in Europe and thus have pledged themselves to conquer or die *in Europe*.

—Alain Clément

What Europe Might Do If Our Alliance Cracks



After a defeat, even a local and limited defeat, any coalition runs the risk of falling apart. Today, the Atlantic alliance is in serious danger—a danger not to be minimized by those who wish to see the alliance endure.

American critics of the Atlantic alliance, particularly of its European members, are, generally speaking, the same people who advocate launching a long-drawn-out war against China. Deliberately or not, they seem willing to abandon Europe. A recent *Life* editorial expresses their position: "But if they [our European allies] refuse to perceive the naked facts, if they propose again to buy peace that cannot be bought, let them be left to the compelling pressure of events . . ."

Within the last few weeks Europe has heard the alliance criticized and doubted in the United States, and some Europeans have begun to act as if the alliance were almost dissolved. The champions of an Atlantic policy—Pleven, Schuman, De Gasperi, Adenauer—have all lost ground; the neutralists have gained ground. This is a first manifestation of *Life's* "compelling pressure of events."

Leaving Great Britain aside, for its position is a special one, we may conclude that Europe's will to resist depends on a Franco-German decision. Western Europe's center of gravity is on the Rhine. It is already obvious that German opinion is at the least indifferent, and "neutral" in the matter of the Atlantic Community. The recent German elections, and the highly emotional nationalism and neutralism which determined their results, are sufficient proof.

In France the situation has deteriorated a bit—though not that far. However, some very disturbing symptoms are apparent. They show that the political coalition now in power—Radicals, Christian Democrats, and Socialists—is losing influence and authority.

For three years every French Government has based its policy on the alliance and has linked the nation's fate with that of Atlantic solidarity. For France, as for the other European countries involved, that alliance meant:

That the United States would provide military protection. If Europe were attacked, the United States automatically would go to war.

That economic and military assistance would be furnished so that Europe could rebuild and rearm.

That there would be political

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partnership within the United Nations; that the main decisions on foreign policy would not be taken by the United States alone, but by mutual consent.

Finally, and most important of all, that the alliance would be made up of liberal democracies determined to resist Communism, but just as determined to resist any other form of authoritarian régime.

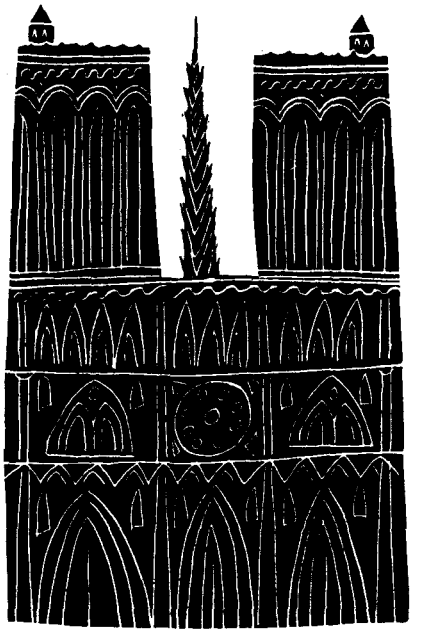
Clearly, the alliance is far more than a military pact. It represents an international effort to ensure the stability and affirm the supremacy of political and economic democracy in the postwar world. Of course it implies comradeship in arms, but beyond that, it requires economic, political, and even moral solidarity. It is a sort of democratic "International." Certainly such was the understanding in France. Today the French, correctly or not, believe that influential groups in the United States, reacting to a local defeat in Asia, are ready to let the whole project go by the board.

The first point in the alliance—Soviet aggression as a *casus belli*—remains unaffected. Almost everybody recognizes that if Europe were attacked the United States would have no choice but to fight. So obvious a point hardly needed the creation of an Atlantic Treaty. The other three points represent the creative content of the alliance; it is they that are threatened.

In the first place, American critics of the alliance are re-examining the whole matter of economic and military assistance to Europe. Europe must be defended, these critics say, but the United States must concentrate its resources at home.

Furthermore these same men do not want American policy to be hampered by any necessity to co-ordinate it with Allied policies within the United Nations. A case in point would be a war with China. Finally, these critics seem to mistrust the capacity and will of America's democratic allies to resist; they seem anxious to steer the United States toward more "reliable" partners —like Franco in Europe and Chiang Kai-shek in Asia.

In the case of France the result is clear. French "neutralist" forces have succeeded in diverting the anxiety that centers round the fate of the Atlantic Treaty and in focusing it on one point:



the Soviet proposal for German unification.

It was last October 21 that Russia, after a meeting of the Cominform in Prague, proposed a plan for "neutralizing" Germany. Under this plan, Germany would be united economically and politically, and rearmament, in eastern as well as western Germany would be abandoned. At the time, the Soviet statement was greeted almost as frigidly in Europe as in Washington. The French government, in particular, was successful in convincing public opinion that the proposal once again was no more than a Soviet trick and that the only reasonable policy to follow remained that of building up the strength of the West.

The "compelling pressure of events" has changed the situation. French opinion is no longer so sure that the Russian proposal is absurd. It is more and more inclined to favor a meeting of the Big Four at which a bilateral agreement to demilitarize Germany would be sought. Meanwhile rearmament should be held up.

This first position leads to a second: Germany's demilitarization logically implies the "neutralization" of all Europe. If an agreement can be reached to disarm Germany, can't such an agreement be broadened?

This tendency has not become—and it goes without saying that I hope it will never become—a politically organized movement. It can be taken, however, as a straw in the wind; it shows in which direction Europe might turn if the Atlantic alliance is further weakened—toward a deliberately neutral position with respect to the United States and Russia. And it is probable that Russia would respect European neutrality in the initial stage; it would be to Russia's obvious interest to do so —because the situation would not remain static.

For, once Europe's foreign policy had been established as isolationist and neutral, the whole play of internal politics would change. If the Communists acted gradually and prudently, an obsession for "national unity" would then allow them to re-enter coalition governments such as those which existed up to 1947. Already, the French Communists, more "amiable" and "peace-minded" than at any time within the last three years, are busily preparing the ground for such coalitions.

The Communists' line has not changed. But "the compelling pressure of events" is furnishing them with new and helpful material. "America is fascist," they say, quoting Americans who propose Chiang Kai-shek and Franco as allies; "America is war-minded," they say, quoting Americans who seem anxious to go to war with Asia. They argue that present French leadership is hopelessly linked with America.

Once Europe has been made into a "buffer state" the nations of western Europe will have "national unity" and then Popular Fronts—then the Communists will have won back the civil rights which, morally speaking, they lost by being too closely identified with Russia. The final step would be to ask: "Why not an alliance with Russia?"

The French Communists have their arguments ready: "Western Europe's potential power is not as disproportionate to that of Russia as is commonly said. If Europe turns toward Communism, it is highly probable that a European Communism would be no carbon copy of the Stalinist régime, but a new structure which Europe itself would create. The Third Force in Europe is crumbling. Consequently the choice is between Communism and such authoritarian régimes as would be acceptable to America."

The Communists go on to argue that Russia, faced with the extraordinary development of Asiatic Communism,

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must seek western allies in order to re-establish a balance of power within the Communist world. Russia, to ensure its own ends, would be obliged to treat western Europe as an equal, not as a satellite.

Finally, the Communists say that Europe, allied to Russia, will have a far greater say in world politics than at present. Europe can be a factor for peace. The United States, they say, would never dare attack a "united, peace-loving world" and there would be no "preventive war." Furthermore, Europe, in freely entered association with Russia on the basis of equality, would have far greater authority in that alliance than it has now in the Atlantic alliance.

In any estimate of the mind of Europe one must never forget two permanent factors. The first is that Europe is completely open to attack by the Red Army—now, for many months to come, perhaps for years. The second lies in memory and in fear. For, between 1920 and 1940, Europe witnessed a general eclipse of democracy. It saw one nation after another, each in its own way and in varying degree, subjected to fascism, or to variants of fascism. If the Atlantic alliance is further weakened, with the result that hope in a liberal solution is weakened too, many Europeans who today are anti-Communist will then hesitate.

It is in this climate of confusion and anxiety that the Communists pursue their aims. They are very clever. Europe has held them in check up to now, but only because anti-Communist European governments and political parties have had the moral and material support of the Atlantic alliance. If this support is withdrawn, if Europeans merely think that it is being withdrawn, the Communist plan will have a gradual but increasing chance to succeed.

So, if the United States permits the Atlantic alliance to be weakened, Europe might succumb to Stalinist domination—by its own choice, without Russian armed aggression, without permitting the United States a recourse to arms. Stalin then could take over Europe with its industrial power intact —and without having had to expose his troops to contact with the dangerously seductive glories of western civilization.

—Jean-Jacques Servan Schreiber

'Appeasement,' 'Provocation,' and Policy

In a world of limited wars, which must be waged with limited strength, Americans are faced with the necessity of revising some traditional attitudes. In our actions, and still more in our point of view, we are accustomed to shuttling from all-out peace to all-out war. In peace we have been great word-spinners, and in war we have left everything to the soldiers. The warrior, who thinks in terms of plain and total war, has followed, and been followed by, the statesman who would wage a total peace by globe-engirdling words. The man of policy, the political man, the man most useful to us in a period that is neither war nor peace, has too often gone to the wall.

We are clearly in the age of the political man. This is his crucial decade, and perhaps his crucial year. We know now that words and weapons cannot be divided, and we are learning that both must be subordinate to policy. Policy cannot be unprincipled and it cannot be unarmed, but it can and must come first.

The meaning of this principle is deep and broad, but perhaps a part of it can be clarified by a study of two words which are ordinarily used to define bad policy: One is the error of a policy too peaceful; the other is the error of a policy too strong and warlike. Clearly both should be avoided under the doctrine of political supremacy. What is meant, then, by the words "appeasement" and "provocation"?

"Appeasement" seems easy to define. Whatever the dictionaries say, its meaning comes from Munich. Neville Chamberlain tried to buy peace from an aggressor; he made heavy concessions in return for empty pledges; he abandoned a friend; he claimed "peace in our time" when peace had become impossible. This was appeasement, and the ugly but useful word will always bear the stamp of Munich.

The present tragic truth is that any attempt to seek real peace with the Kremlin and its puppets, by good faith or by concession, is appeasement. No man can make peace with the implacable; to try it is to waste time and energy, and very likely honor as well. It is entirely true that in dealing with would-be conquerors it is essential to give them the benefit of the doubt until their intentions are wholly clear; this is the central justification of Yalta, though unfortunately not its central purpose. But the time comes when the world knows its enemies; that time had come at Munich, and it has come now.

There is some danger of appeasement still, though much less than in 1938. Until lately there has been much of the appeaser's temper in a man who can and should become a great defender of freedom—Pandit Nehru. Indian neutrality may at present be sound policy, and of itself it surely is not appeasement. But Indian words and Indian diplomatic action that looked for good behavior from Stalin and Mao were appeasement.

Two more examples show the continued survival of appeasement in wider circles. It is suggested by some that with or without a solution in Korea we should at once abandon Formosa and admit Mao to the United Nations, since this will show him our good will; it is also suggested that we should go slowly on rearming Germany because Russia has warned against it. Both these suggestions contain the implication that we can gain good faith from the enemy by a change of course—by concessions. Both assume that peace may be purchased.

These two suggestions seem particularly illuminating, because the specific

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actions suggested may well be quite correct, in and of themselves. If and when a decent Korean settlement can be reached—and perhaps as a part of it—it may be sound policy for the U.N. to admit Red China and for the United States to stand clear of Formosa; if Korea did not exist, one would urge both steps tomorrow. Certainly if we had taken them before June, we should now be much stronger than we are in many places. But only an appeaser can urge such measures now for their effect on the mind of Mao.

Similarly, in the case of German rearmament, it seems likely that the American proposals of September were badly timed and badly framed; they did not take proper account of feeling in France and Germany, nor did they rest on an adequate basis of previous negotiation. But while we can still shift our ground, we must not do so in the hope of pacifying the Kremlin. If, on our own best calculation—which must be a concerted, *allied* calculation—the rearmament of Germany is necessary, we cannot desist on Russian say-so. German rearmament is a matter for the Germans, our allies, and ourselves; it is a hard and painful problem, and it cannot be settled by hopes or fears of what the Kremlin will consider peaceable. There is no such peace in the mind of Stalin.

Some men and some proposals, then, have the true flavor of appeasement. But many more are so accused, and quite unjustly. For let us note this: The test of appeasement is in the intent, not in the action. Concession, negotiation, walking softly—all may be, and will be, proper parts of policy. These things are appeasement only when motivated by false hopes about the enemy. Policy may require painful retreat; it may even require concessions from which nothing is gained but time. For the West is overcommitted, and dangerously bogged down in the wrong places. It is not appeasement to extricate ourselves, if we must.

These things are hard to say, for there is meaning, and political meaning in the idea of loyalty, and very great meaning in the concept of the honor of the United Nations. But policy cannot work miracles and produce strength where there is no strength. Policy must heed necessity, and we shall deceive ourselves most dangerously if we suppose that necessary withdrawal is appeasement. The ugly dishonor comes only from the pretense that things are not as they are. The crime of Munich was not the negotiations, not even the concessions; these may have been—probably were—bad policy, but not betrayals. The great and single crime of Munich was its false and dishonorable claim of peace.

It is the same way, somewhat in reverse, with the concept of provocation. Provocation has no Munich to clarify its meaning, but we may take as a model instance the tragic error of General MacArthur in his "win-the-war" offensive. If appeasement serves the enemy's purpose by concessions based on false hope, provocation serves him by using force when and as he wants it used. We may grant—indeed we must—that Mao's hostility was fixed; we cannot accept the notion that MacArthur acted within the bounds of sound policy. He attacked when and as the enemy wanted, and this is true not merely in the limited sense of military tactics; it is true in the much broader sense that he provided the very pretext the enemy sought. Considered tactically, the offensive was an error; considered politically, it was plain provocation.

Yet here again we must measure

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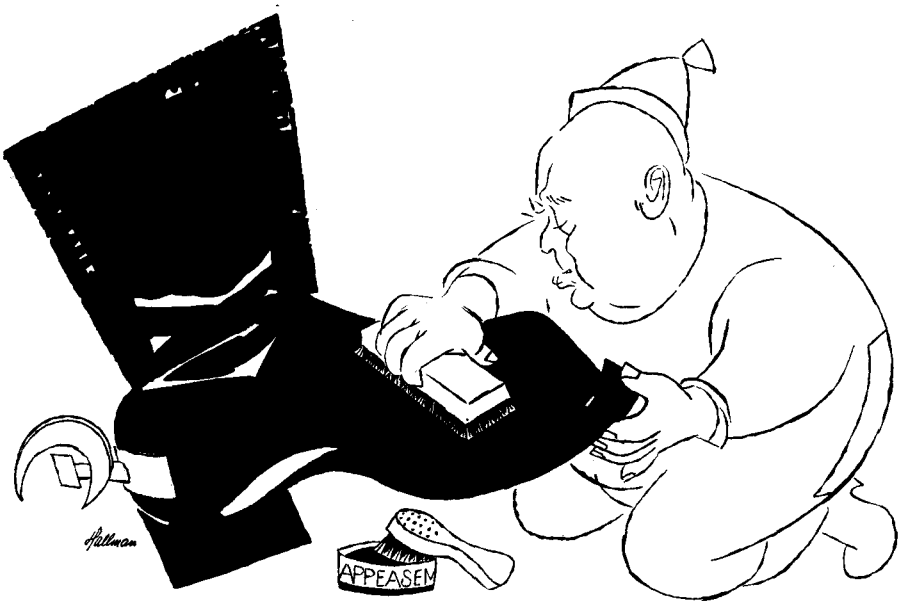

intent. General MacArthur's offensive would have been only an error, not more, except for his evident belief that he was outsmarting and outfacing the Chinese enemy by his boldness. The appeaser overestimates the enemy's peaceful intent; the provocator underestimates his capacity and will for warlike action. Both act on defective intelligence in the broadest sense of the word—a failure or refusal, by men blinded with false hope, to grasp the enemy's intentions and power. If it had been a true necessity of policy that we should proceed to the Manchurian border, General MacArthur would have been quite right to take whatever risk he had to. But neither our own policy, nor the policy of the United Nations, required any such action, and this MacArthur knew, just as he had every reason to know that in policy we could gain nothing by provoking a Chinese response. The decision was his; it was provocation, and it has had results of such a nature that it seems necessary to remark that in the ordinary course of events the responsible commander would surely have been relieved, whatever his distinction and previous services.

As with appeasement, so with provocation, it is important to understand what does *not* meet the definition. It is no provocation to act firmly where we must and can. For example, it is no provocation to rearm without stint in Europe, or to continue protecting Formosa now, subject to the action of the United Nations. Wherever we *must* act, and act in concert with our friends, no force is too much force. Firmness, force, and daring are as much a part of policy as negotiation, concession, and retreat.

Appeasement is thoughtless or naive use of negotiation; provocation is thoughtless or naive use of force; one is closely related to traditional democratic behavior in peacetime, and the other is connected with our customary attitudes in all-out war. Both are equally out of place today. Both arise from miscalculation of the enemy—and perhaps still more from an effort to calculate mainly in terms of assumptions about what is going on in the enemy's mind. Both result in dancing to his tune.

If these equal and opposite errors are to be avoided, the first requirement is that policy should begin, not with the enemy, but with our friends, our possible friends, and ourselves. We deeply need to concert our policy with all those who are with us; we need equally to think of those who may come to be with us—the neutrals and the captives of today. Most of all we need to calculate, to think, to work out policy, in a calm and confident assessment of our own will and purpose. We do not need to think on the enemy's terms, and if we try we shall fail. But to avoid this danger is one thing; it would be quite another to give up the instruments of negotiation, concession, local agreement, firmness, strength, and force. All of them are available to us as to the enemy, and only a total lack of self-confidence can prevent us from using any and all when they serve us.

Among free men, of course, policy cannot always be unanimously agreed. There will continue to be differences among us like those that remained between Mr. Truman and Mr. Attlee. There is no reason to hope, or to require, that in the tangle of our necessities and opportunities all men in all free countries will agree on what to say or do. We can, however, avoid rash charges of appeasement wherever one man would negotiate, and of provocation wherever another would stand firm. We can reserve the hard words for the few who deserve them. Here the Truman-Attlee meeting points a moral: To meet and think as friends, to talk and act in trust together—these are not just matters of form and pretense, even when substantial differences of policy remain. We may safely assume that the Washington meeting has done much to quiet nasty and unjustified fears on both sides of the ocean. Attlee is no appeaser; Truman is no provocator. Both are seeking policy. The great thing is to seek it together, without the cheap luxury of recrimination.

What is true in our relations with our friends is still more true in our internal affairs. Acts of provocation and appeasement have been committed in the past, and a few still recommend one or the other sort of action. But the nation is not divided into appeasers and provocators. Charity, humility, hope, and policy are one in their demand that we drop the shameful search for scapegoats. Emergency has its claims, the first of which is obviously to employ the best talents we can find, but another of which is to trust one another.

Is it a mirage to suggest that the deep shock of defeat, balanced by a rebirth of pride and hope and sanity, is already beginning to clear the air? Certainly it is now plain that limited war, controlled by policy, demands a steadiness and confidence we have not lately shown but surely possess. As we turn from the twin dangers of appeasement and provocation, as we seek with other free men the firm ground of policy, may we not take heart from a new discovery that the free men of the world are still their own masters? We who are free, acting with due respect for ourselves and each other, can still preserve and in the end enlarge our freedom—if we will but seek to suit ourselves, and not the enemy.

—McGeorge Bundy

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Foreign Aid, 1951: Guns, and Butter Too

In an address to the National Women's Press Club in Washington near the end of 1950, Secretary of Defense George Marshall repeated several times, with slow emphasis, that the *best* we can hope for is a long period of large-scale military preparation. As this is written, it seems highly possible that the best is too much to hope for.

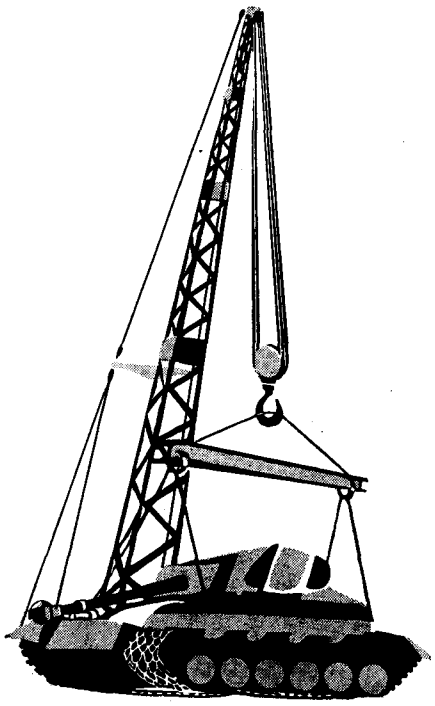
If another world war starts, military priorities will be set up as soon as possible, and so will international machinery to decide where what products shall be used and to provide for their interchange by government-to-government transactions. If that happens, the aim of getting maximum military potential at the earliest possible moment will simplify many decisions. The struggle for survival in war is much more clear-cut than are the selection of aims and the allotment of effort among the aims once survival seems reasonably certain.

But whether or not the alternative is put before us in its simplest form, rapid changes are to be expected in both the objectives of American overseas action and in the machinery through which they will be pursued.

The Report on Foreign Economic Policies which Gordon Gray completed at the President's request in November notified the country and the world of a change of emphasis in U.S. overseas policy no less important than that announced by the Marshall Plan. The Marshall Plan was a program directed toward one area of the world, to be completed within a definite period. The Gray Report makes it clear that American overseas economic interests are world-wide, that they are permanent, that new procedures are needed for their administration, and that their primary immediate purpose is to build military strength.

One way to measure the rapid changes of which the Gray Report takes account is to trace the changes in the function of ECA, which began as the instrument for administering the Marshall Plan for western Europe, became an agency with global responsibility, and is now in the midst of conversion to an instrument of military economics, sharing the function with the Departments of State and Defense.

Early in the European recovery effort, it became obvious that its ramifications went far beyond Europe. The first non-European areas that its administrators had to worry about were the overseas dependencies of European powers. Then newly independent Indonesia became a candidate for ECA aid. Other parts of Southeast Asia came into the picture after Congress had authorized aid to China, already overrun by the Communists, and these funds were diverted to that "general area"—taking in Indo-China, Burma, and Thailand. In October, the Bell Report stressed the need for supervised assistance to the Philippines, and meanwhile India had also become an important candidate for aid.



Another way to measure the changes brought out by the Gray Report is in terms of our export-import balance.

In 1947, when the studies that led to the European Recovery Program were getting under way, the U.S. export surplus was running only slightly under a billion dollars a month. Two years later, the figures for the first six months of 1949 were at the rate of an annual surplus of $7.6 billion. By the first half of 1950, the rate had dropped to $2.9 billion. Then in August, for the first time in thirteen years, the United States imported more than it exported.

In the past months and weeks, new economic strength has made possible the lifting of restrictions on consumption in countries that have known rationing ever since the war, the elimination of currency controls, such as those between Canada and the United States, and the enlargement of commodity quotas.

ERP, as envisaged in 1947, has served its purpose; negotiations are near completion by William Batt, head of its mission in the United Kingdom, for putting ECA aid to Britain in mothballs.

But if current international trade figures show U.S. imports and exports in a state of balance rare in our history and unknown since the war, it is a mistake to interpret them as indicating that Europe's economy has become independent of the United States. What the economic programs of the U.S. did to international economics between 1947 and 1950 is likely to be paralleled by the impact of the U.S. military programs in the years beginning in 1951.

The American economy is too large a part of world production for the world ever to be free of its impact. In 1949, the sterling crisis which pre-

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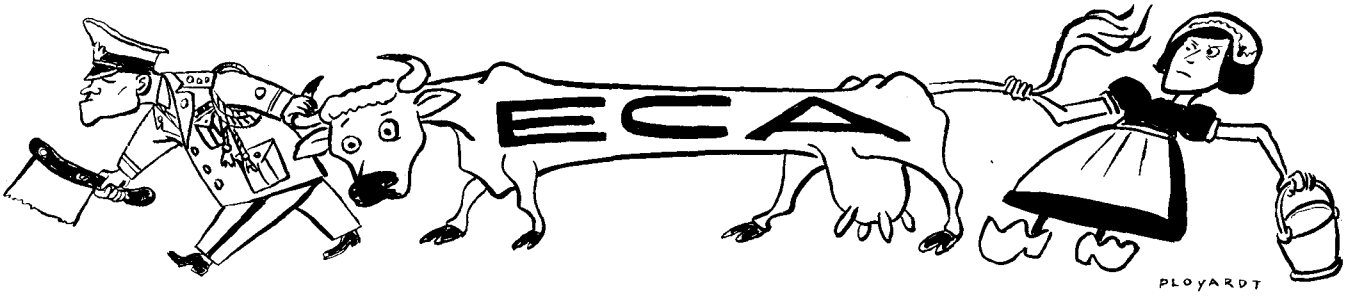

cipitated British devaluation was to a considerable extent the result of the anticipated recession in the American economy. Having annually promised themselves a slump after the war, American businessmen thought one was really around the corner at the end of 1949. "Prudently," they reduced inventories. By midwinter, producers of such international raw materials as tin and rubber were holding meetings to express their collective worry. By spring, American manufacturers, finding that 1950 was going to be a very good year indeed, were scrambling for the raw materials whose prices had sagged a few months before, and record levels began to be set. Then came the Korean War. By midsummer, statisticians who had been projecting 1949 price trends beyond 1952 let their worksheets fall noiselessly into their wastebaskets.

The forces that bounced rubber prices to three times their height in a few short months, that turned tin into currency, that made the spring wool auctions in Australia and New Zealand look like pursuits of the golden fleece, were largely leverage from the American market, where a civilian boom was overlaid by a military program.

Actually, most of what has happened so far represents anticipation rather than performance. But no one doubts that for a very long time to come the American economy, and the economies related to it, will be engaged in capacity operation to attain both high civilian and maximum military production. If the claims on the American economy made by foreign countries—preponderantly the countries of western Europe—under the European Recovery Program are now to be scaled down, claims under the Mutual Defense Assistance Program will be rising.

The potential purchasing power made available by Congress to countries abroad is higher, for the fiscal year 1951, than it has ever been before. As of June 30, 1950, grants previously made, and in most cases committed but not yet used, amounted to $3.8 billion. Later during the year —and this does not include further amounts for Yugoslavia, the Philippines, and whatever territory remains under U.N. control in Korea—additional grants to the total of $8.4 billion were authorized. The credit made available under MDAP is the largest single credit ever granted.

Obviously, not all of this is going to be used by next July; under the Mutual Defense Assistance Program, only about $100 million worth of material has so far moved. But equally obviously, the tapering off of ERP does not mean a tapering off of U.S. overseas economic action, and there probably will be a rapid revival of the U.S. export surplus.

"It was essential after the war to restore political and economic stability in the areas disrupted by the war. It is now essential to build adequate military strength for the free world." "Under the threat of intensified Communist aggression, the urgency to rearm has emphasized the importance for Western Europe of continuing its progress toward the economic goals of the Recovery Program." These quotations, one of which occurs in the Gray Report and the other of which opens the most recent quarterly report of the ECA to Congress, point to the new main objective of U.S. overseas economic effort. The objective is there. The appropriations are there. What isn't there is the machinery.

Two pressures are exerting themselves to bring it into being. One is the pressure of sudden events. The other is the pressure of the annual sequence of events by which estimates are submitted by the various agencies, on the basis of the functions they expect to perform in the coming fiscal year, to the Budget Bureau in December, for consideration in advance of the President's recommendations for new appropriations which will make it possible to perform those functions.

Up to the present, ECA has had the big appropriation, and has had the carrying out of a major segment of foreign policy in its charge. Even so, the Defense Department was administering the economic programs for the occupied areas until only recently, and the State Department has set up a mechanism for extending aid under Point Four, complete with a thirteen-member International Development Advisory Board under the chairmanship of Nelson Rockefeller, an interdepartmental technical group, and a line organization running through the country desks of the Departments out to the embassies and legations all around the world. So even in this one segment, a tidying-up job of some proportions remains.

Now, however, increased military power, rather than increase of general economic strength, is the top objective, and MDAP has the big appropriation. Next year's appropriations, provided the Russians do not move meanwhile, will be chiefly for three purposes: for military end-use items, procured here and transferred to countries abroad (the present figure is $4.7 billion); for AMP (Additional Military Production), to be allocated for reactivating the armament capacity of western Europe ($475 million); and for aid more like the former ECA aid, in support of the western European economies in proportion as they assume new military burdens. Every gun sent by MDAP requires a man—usually one withdrawn from civilian production—to carry it; and that man has to be fed, clothed, and grouped with other men into effec-

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tive units. In order not to destroy what ECA has helped build up, the effect of rearming on the general economies of these countries has to be considered.

In some places, of course, minor ECA programs will be continued—in Austria, for instance. But the major part of the program will be one in which the State and Defense Departments will have a ranking interest, along with ECA, or whatever the new agency responsible for operations is called. Currently the Foreign Military Assistance Coordinating Committee, with representatives from all three agencies, is overseeing the MDAP program; a Committee on International Security Affairs, to cover this and other programs, such as appropriations for support of the economies of arming nations, is expected to be established shortly.

The decisions which this or some other top co-ordinating group will have to turn into action will be very delicate. The line will continue to have to be drawn between constructing new capacity to produce and producing from available capacity, between adequate immediate military supplies and costly obsolescence. How many controls have to be put on to make raw materials available for military purposes? How many controls have to be left off, should the forthcoming effort be prolonged, to continue the process of industrial development which will keep on giving the limited manpower of the West better and better weapons and tools?

At the same time that the structure of overseas economic machinery is decided on and the Gray Report's proposal for the channeling of all aid except the transfer of military end-products through a single separate civilian agency is considered, parallel decisions will have to be made on international machinery for economic administration.

Last time, Hitler had reduced the claimants for our aid to a manageable number before the Combined Boards were set up. Last time, too, the raw-material producers had had their appetites for production and for profits whetted by the lean 1930's. This time they are riding the price crest. This time can the United States and Britain do the main job acceptably between them? If not, if the North Atlantic Pact group of nations is the smallest that can be used, how can a quick decision be made? To what extent can OEEC, with its allocating experience under ECA, be tied into the military-economic structure?

Henceforth, the economies of the world are going to have much in common with dual-purpose cattle. The civilians are going to want them for milk. The military are going to want them for meat. It is going to be hard to find a herdsman.

And since the area to be covered is a world area, there will continue to be parts of it where the production of milk may do more to win the present struggle than the production of meat.

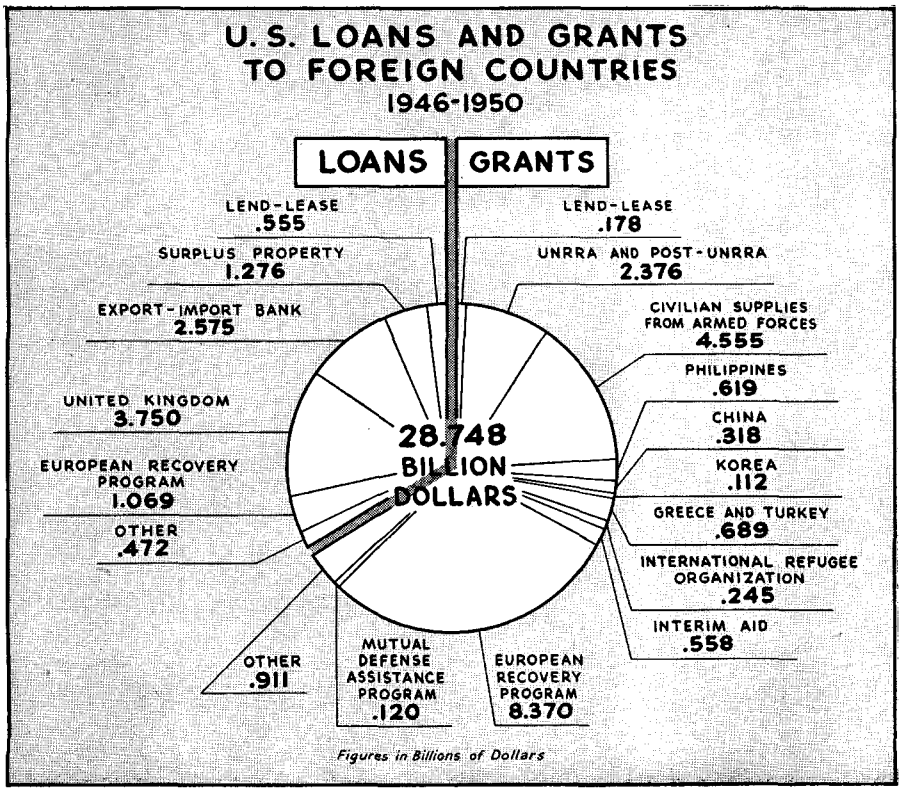
The need for both kinds of effort was put with characteristic bluff accuracy by Norris Dodd, head of the U.N. Food and Agriculture Organization, during its recent world conference. Asked if FAO would do the world food-allocations job, he said, "No. That job will be done, as the Combined Food Board's job was done in World War II, not on the basis of need but on the basis of a country's military potential. We're not set up to be that kind of outfit."

Now "that kind of outfit" is needed; but so is Dodd's. Africa, South America, and Southeast Asia, which are the free world's defense in depth, are more than raw-materials suppliers.

Every time that hearings are held in Washington on some phase of the division of American economic strength between guns and butter, a stubbornly held conviction stands out in the testimony: Why not make the division more palatable by enlarging what you have to divide?

Belief in the possibility of the larger pie is bone-bred in the American way. It has its limits: narrow limits in relation to world appetite when the enlargement of the pie is by handout; much more comfortable limits when the enlargement is by transmission of the capacity to produce, in terms of agricultural practices, in terms of health, in terms of industrial techniques. But American economic strength is an essential dynamic of the present mobilization; and account of that strength must be taken in selecting the machinery of overseas economic action, both that which becomes part of the American structure of government and that which is built co-operatively by the nations of the free world. —HELEN HILL MILLER

Starworth



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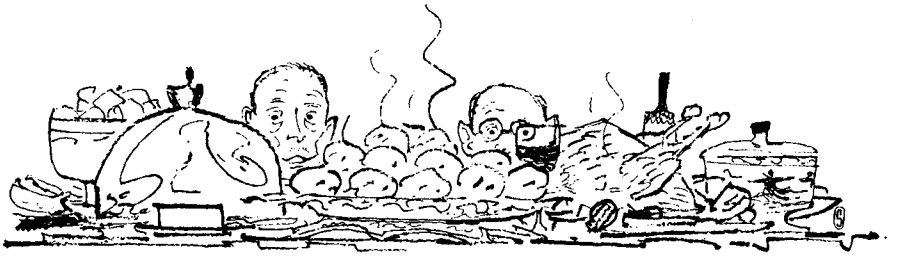
Our Most Surprising Export: The Secrets of Our Skill

Quietly, doggedly, with the implacable benevolence of a converted Scrooge, the United States has busied itself through these past two years in giving away the secrets of its economic eminence. For this spasm of calculated prodigality history would be hard pressed to furnish a precedent. But its origins are simple indeed. Shortly after ECA had been established, its director, Paul Hoffman, observed to Britain's Sir Stafford Cripps that it was all very well for us to send machines and materials to Europe—but what assurance had we that the Europeans knew how to get the best out of them? Wouldn't it be a good idea to have Americans show them? Cripps agreed.

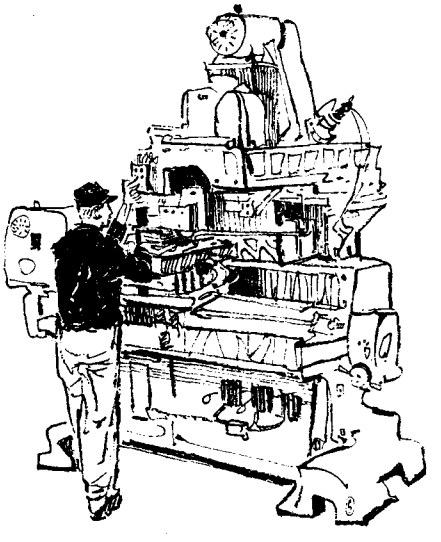
In March, 1949, with the advice and support of Philip Reed, chairman of the board of General Electric, and Walter Reuther, head of the United Auto Workers, the Technical Assistance Division set up shop under ECA. It began by sending American personnel over to revamp the Belgian dairy industry, to promote the use of hybrid corn in Italy, and to start soybean projects in West Germany. But as soon as possible it began sending European "productivity teams" to the United States to find out things for themselves.

By the end of 1950, TA had guided close to two hundred such teams through the mazes of American industry and agriculture. These teams included 2,700 businessmen, engineers, union leaders, farming experts, administrators, and technicians of all kinds from sixteen countries.

For 1951, TA is spending six million dollars on industrial productivity, three million on agricultural productivity, and six million on miscellaneous programs, including manpower utilization, transportation, marketing, public administration, etc. A budget of fifteen million dollars to promote a second industrial revolution is not large. But, spent on the right people, it can go a long way.



These team trips get started something like this: The French textile industry, suspecting that its output per man is well below what is considered par in the United States, advises its government that it would like to find out why and to see what can be done to raise efficiency. Paris passes the request to the local ECA mission. Received and approved, it goes to ECA's Office of the Special Representative. There it is put through the wringer again, with special attention to the question: Could France's experts get their answers as well or better in some Marshall Plan country?



If the answer is negative, the request is forwarded to TA in Washington for further scrutiny. Then, if TA's director, William J. Hoff, gives his approval, he sends it to the project manager. It's the latter's job to talk with the trade associations and the labor unions in the textile industry, and get their help in working out a rewarding itinerary for the French team.

Over on the other side of the Atlantic, meanwhile, the French have been selecting their representatives from ownership, management, and labor, and sending them on a brush-up tour of their own industry. Shortly, they all board a liner for the States—and encounter the first of many surprises: Employers find themselves sharing cabins with union leaders, engineers with mill hands. Things are a bit stiff at first, but they loosen up. They had better: For the next two months these men will eat, sleep, work, play, and argue together in professional intimacy without a letup.

At the dock, the project manager's men come aboard, welcome them, and acquaint them with American customs. Then they're off, and from there on out, no productivity team gets a chance to draw a full breath until it returns to Europe—and not always then. Its

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members ransack U.S. plants all day and take notes all night. Accountants bombard them with statistics, engineers take them down the assembly lines, executives detail the history of each operation, and labor leaders apply their own footnotes.

Each team, each member comes up with particular and detailed findings on its sector of the American economy. But throughout these incredibly varied reports upon the whole range of U.S. endeavor run several common themes. These were expressed succinctly by one of the first productivity teams to return from America. With a bluntness that caused a salutary stir in Britain, the British steel foundries unit reported to the nation:

"Productivity in terms of man-hours per ton is undoubtedly higher in the U.S.A. than it is in Britain, by something between 50 and 90%. . . . The fundamental causes of this high productivity have been examined and are stated to be psychological. First, last and all the time, managements are actuated by the belief that high rates of production are essential to individual and collective success. First, last and all the time, workers at the bench, at the machine and in the offices subscribe to that same belief. This belief is not simply intellectual appreciation: it has a firm emotional hold upon the whole body of American industrial thought."

Somewhat more specifically, team after team was struck by the ingenuity with which American management met the challenge of high labor costs and relatively low labor skills. According to a building-trades team chief: "It is little exaggeration, I consider, to say that almost fifty per cent of American superiority in productivity is due to pre-planning and careful organization before site-work begins." Another aspect, as reported by an internal-combustion-engine group: "Greatest attention is paid in all plants to see that the minimum labor is used for a particular assignment, and the men so utilized are carefully selected for their own particular job."

Just as important, as a drop-forging team pointed out, is the American insistence on getting sixty minutes' use out of every machine every hour. "The American forge will produce up to four hundred per cent more forgings per hour than its British counterpart." Why? Because the American worker is provided with every conceivable power tool, every mechanical handling device, every positioning facility, so that each movement will count. Because, more basically, "both labor and management accept the principle that every blow which the forging unit can deliver should be utilized for the performance of useful work."

One might have thought the lessons of simplification old. Not to western European management and labor. "A prominent manufacturer of radio and television receiving sets described to us in detail the extent of simplification which had been carried out in his plant. In television sets the range had been confined to two basic types of chassis and within these types many parts were interchangeable. As a direct result of the reduction in variety the plant output had been raised . . . by eighty per cent."

Sharp as has been the impact of America upon owners and managers, it has been at least as severe upon workers and union officials. Many of them appear to have landed with a stereotype of American labor relations set up and unchanged in their minds since the Republic Steel massacre of 1937.

Before she left for home one European textile worker declared: "I came out with not much faith. I asked operatives about their jobs; whilst they did work hard, they did get the wage. I see no fear now of the 'stretch' when I go home. I will have a rough time, and I may get a few hairs pulled out, but I will be an ambassador."

A French molder, one of several labor representatives on the French malleable-iron team, summarized his impressions in these words, as his group recently wound up several months in this country: "The thing which has hit us between the eyes is—frankly—the good understanding from top to bottom in the factory. It is not simply that the worker calls the boss by his first name. It is not just that they smoke the same brand of cigar. It is something else: It is that both worker and boss feel they have a stake in the success of the whole enterprise. And they do."

Are the lessons learned here acted upon? The record suggests they are. Each team makes a detailed, comprehensive, sharply analytical report on its sector, which is distributed by the tens and even hundreds of thousands of copies. Each team tours its own industry, relaying its observations in person. The nation's press—general as well as technical—passes the word along. Government Ministries are exhaustively informed of each team's findings.

To follow up on such proselyting, productivity centers have been established in the major countries. They serve as continuing clearinghouses for

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technical information. They call in experts for specific consultations. They launch standardization and simplification programs.

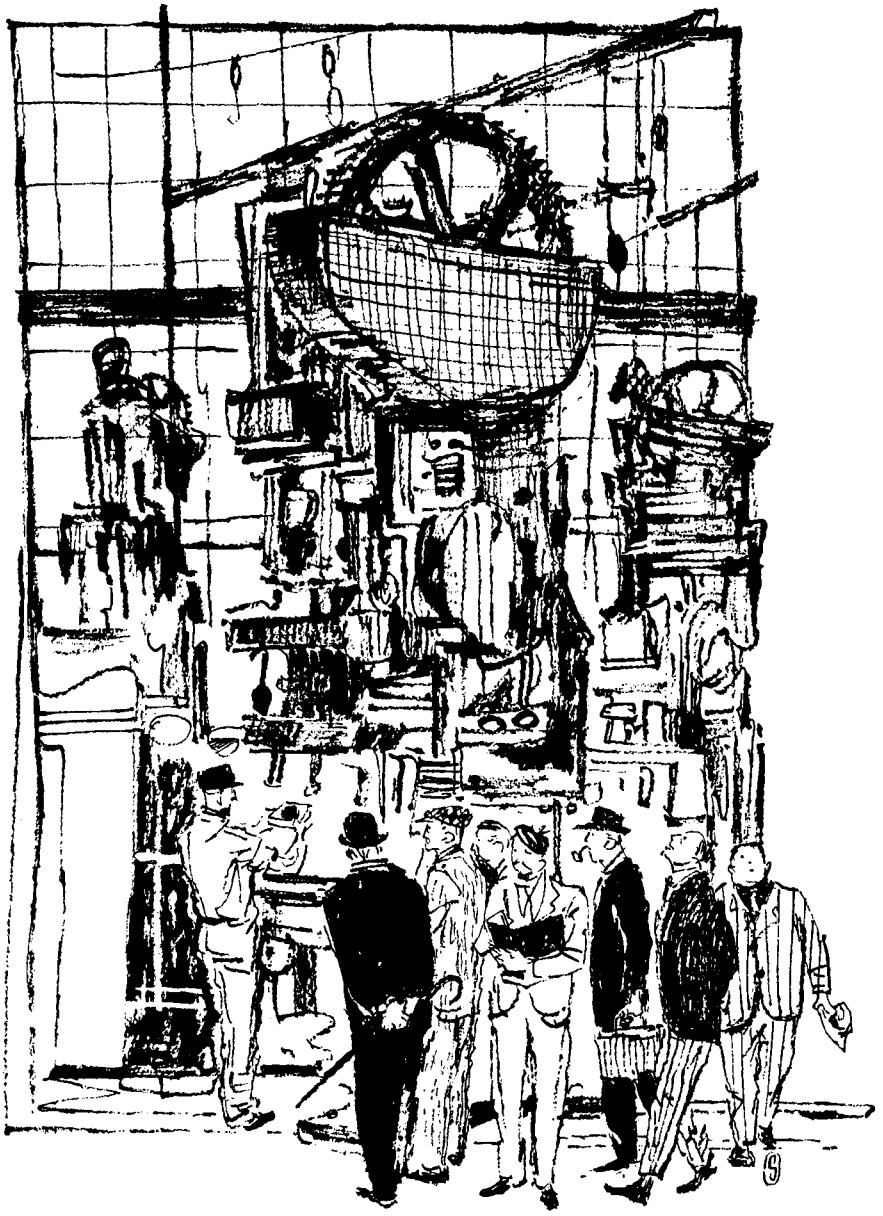
The results are evident. Before the foundry team's report had even been published, many British factories had already begun to act on its recommendations in exact detail. One firm, adopting American techniques, cut its man-hours per ton by fourteen. Another plant increased its production by nearly six hundred per cent, broke a bottleneck in castings, and raised output by some 250 per cent. Still another firm saw how to get fuller use of its machinery, to scrap restrictive practices, and to adopt better patterns.

In France, shoe manufacturers cut their production costs by as much as twenty per cent merely by changing over to an American-type pattern. In Denmark, agricultural experts learned how to grow richer forage crops and lower feed costs. Belgian coal men came back convinced they could increase tons per man-hour by at least ten per cent, perhaps much more. Dutch brick manufacturers, handicapped by outmoded methods of drying bricks, are now for the first time getting ready for year-round production.

Some American economists remain sympathetic but skeptical. They assert that a nation's economic growth isn't very well understood, but that it seems to putter along at about two or three per cent a year, regardless of technological flurries in any one industry, and that the parts can grow no faster, in the long run, than the whole.

They fail to explain how the productivity rate of Great Britain, for example, continues to rise—at a rate much higher than the experts had predicted. Economists had expected a postwar letdown in British production and then a leveling off, followed by a modest one or two per cent annual rise. Instead, the rate has gone right on up at a six to twelve per cent clip.

France, too, is upsetting predictions. A year ago, ECA despaired of the touchy, individualistic French industrialists—and the French peasant. Then a French heavy-electrical-equipment team came over. Its report made even the most intransigent French manufacturers sit up and take notice. Finally, a team of experts from French agriculture came. Returning with a story to spread about the Americans' extension service, they set about to convince both their Ministry of Agriculture and their fellow farmers. To date the French have dispatched a total of thirty-two teams: eighteen industrial, eight agricultural, two marketing, and four labor. They are seeking authorization for more than a hundred others.



As for another pessimistic view of some economists—that the watertight bulkheads of the European market doom any drive toward maximum output—the reverse may well prove true: Management's and labor's determination to reap the benefits of high productivity may provide the missing impetus needed to break through those bulkheads, batter down the tariff barriers, and integrate the continental economy.

Some observers have warned that the new burdens of defense now being placed upon the budgets of the West may squelch any hopes of a rise in real income and dishearten and discredit the ambassadors of productivity. It seems just as likely, however, that these same factors will force the governments of Europe to turn with an even greater urgency to the notebooks of their returning teams.

—BEVERLEY BOWIE

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Asia's Dwindling Rice Supplies

Twice during the fall of 1950, Singapore was the scene of conferences on Asia's rice supplies. Both conferences were called by Britain's Commissioner-General for South-East Asia, Malcolm MacDonald, in an effort to fill the void left by the abandonment of international rice allocation at the end of 1949. Conspicuously absent from the first conference, held in September, were representatives of Japan —i.e., of General MacArthur's headquarters, SCAP. Tokyo had received an invitation, but it had been turned down largely because of a running feud between the British and SCAP.

At the September conference, the rice situation was called "not desperate and not easy." The second conference, held over the Thanksgiving weekend, is unlikely to have come up with a more optimistic formula, but this time at least both the United States and General MacArthur were represented—even if not by top talent able to make decisions, and, in the case of SCAP, not without some prodding.

To call Asia's rice situation "not desperate" is true for the moment, but only because of the general western acceptance of the fact that Southeast Asia is permanently wedded to famine. How else could a situation in which Southeast Asia's people, except for a small minority, derive seventy per cent of their calories from rice be called anything but desperate? How else would one shrug off a daily food intake generally thirty to forty per cent below the U.S. level—and in India nearly fifty per cent below? Would not the fact that the average Indian consumes only six grams of animal protein a day, compared to over sixty for the average American, make headlines anywhere outside Asia?

To appreciate the full seriousness of the threat it is necessary to look behind and beyond the statistics showing that, just prior to the Korean War, export supplies of rice in Asia and import demand were in balance. The two were balanced, but at a price more than four times the prewar level. The fact that at the prevailing price India is buying only negligible amounts of rice does not therefore indicate that all is well, but rather that no more can be afforded.

The level of Asian trade in rice has declined by almost two-thirds since the end of the Second World War. Burma and Thailand still lead the exporters' parade, but with a greatly reduced volume in the case of Burma, and Indo-China, formerly a big exporter, is barely managing to break even. Most of the importers have tightened their belts, as this table shows:

EXPORTERS	Prewar	1949
	(Millions of tons)	
Burma	3.1	1.2
Thailand	1.4	1.2
Indo-China	1.3	0.1
Formosa	0.6	0.4
Korea	1.2	...
Total	7.6	2.9

IMPORTERS	Prewar	1949
	(Millions of tons)	
India	2.1	0.8
Japan	1.8	0.2
China	0.8	0.2
Malaya	0.5	0.5
Ceylon	0.5	0.4
Indonesia	0.3	0.3
Hong Kong	0.2	0.1
Total	6.2	2.5

Evidence that the rice shortage has not been overcome is the large-scale switch from rice imports to purchases of other cereals, mainly wheat. Where before the war the Far Eastern rice-deficit areas were consigned less than one-fourth of a metric ton of other cereals for every ton of rice, in 1949 they imported 2.5 metric tons of other cereals for every ton of rice. The growing demand for wheat may indicate a trend toward a more diversified diet, but in large part it is due to the scarcity and high price of rice.

At the moment this partial substitution relieves famine conditions, but it also carries a threat: Any repetition of a world-wide wheat shortage such as prevailed during the first three postwar years would now affect not only Europe but also the Far East.

There is one permanent way out, and only one: vastly increased rice pro-

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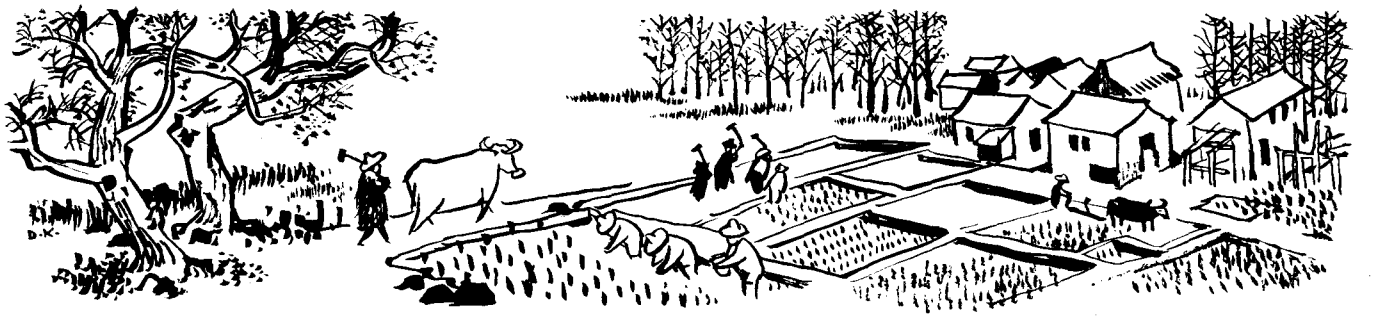

duction throughout Asia. It has been estimated that to keep pace with the stupendous population growth of ten million a year in Asia's rice-eating countries, production would have to be augmented by at least 1.3 million tons each year. Instead, the 1949-1950 crop was still five million tons below prewar, and population pressure in the rice-surplus countries was making increasing inroads on their exportable surpluses.

Almost since its inception, the U.N.'s Food and Agriculture Organization has been worrying about rice. Conference after conference has catalogued the problems, the solutions, the dangers, the hopes. Flood control, irrigation, drainage projects, fertilizer consumption, seed selection, crop rotation, and partial mechanization have been enumerated as indispensable ingredients of the hoped-for bigger crops. But none of these, singly or jointly, will yield results without economic and social improvements and political stability. The crop of the world's No. 1 exporter of rice—Burma—has fallen from sixteen billion pounds before the war to less than nine billion in 1949 largely because of internal strife. Indo-China is now barely hanging on in the export column. Only Thailand has been able to maintain its role as a rice exporter on the prewar scale.

The agricultural technicians point optimistically to striking differences in yields, such as 1.5 metric tons per acre in Japan and 0.5 in India. Will the possibilities become realities? Only if we can break the vicious circle in which food shortages and economic ills create a fertile basis for social unrest, and active political strife and instability in turn interfere with efficient food production and distribution.

Whatever precarious balance might have existed toward the end of 1949 has been seriously threatened by three events: the Korean fighting, the spread of rebellion in Indo-China, and the re-emergence of Japan as a large-scale rice importer.

The recent Viet Minh gains in Indo-China constitute a far greater threat than the Korean War, since the border area which has been the scene of fighting forms the northeastern rim of Asia's real rice bowl. It is no exaggeration to say that the size of the rice crops in Indo-China, Thailand, and Burma determines the size of the daily ration in many parts of rice-eating Asia.

Postwar political unrest in Burma and Indo-China was, in fact, largely responsible for the rice famine in the late 1940's. Should the Chinese Communists push westward to the Thailand border, Indo-China's rice production would become a powerful weapon—either to supplement China's meager resources or to drive hard bargains with rice-hungry customers elsewhere in Asia.

The third issue—Japan—involves the United States directly and perhaps crucially in Asia's rice problem. Ever since the beginning of the occupation, SCAP has been anxious to make Japan an equal partner in the international allocation scheme. During the immediate postwar years, the resentment of Japan's former victims and Britain's efforts to provide for the populous and restless food-deficit areas under its wing combined to thwart all U.S. efforts.

By 1949 things had begun to change. Japan had made rapid strides toward resuming trade relations, and the emotional barriers against it had shrunk. Simultaneously, there appeared for the first time since the end of the war the possibility of a rice surplus—a tenuous surplus, since it was due mainly to the high prices that had sent importers in search of cheaper cereals—but a surplus at least in name. Only one element had not changed: British opposition to Japanese rice imports. By now Britain was no longer motivated so much by fear of shortages as it was by worry over the customers that Japan would pick up throughout Asia if it became a major rice buyer.

The go-ahead signal for SCAP came when, at the request of Burma and Thailand, the FAO's Rice Committee dropped allocation as of January 1, 1950, leaving importers and exporters to trade freely. This in turn permitted Japan to cut down its wheat imports, a costly item because of Japan's exclusion from the International Wheat Agreement.

With allocation out the window, the United States announced that Japan was in the market for 600,000 tons of rice in 1950. To Britain, which had hoped to reap at least a price drop from the end of allocations, this came as a heavy blow. In spite of the fact that Japan's proposed share represent-

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ed only one-third of its annual prewar imports, it raised anew the specter of shortages.

From their point of view, our occupation authorities have acted with logic. Japan is today, or will be shortly, the world's No. 1 exporter of cotton textiles, to cite only one item. In addition, SCAP is in a position to drive a hard bargain with the British, who are vitally interested in resumption of international allocation or some similar scheme. Acceptance of such a move by SCAP may well be conditioned upon Japan's unqualified participation in the wheat agreement and a guarantee of equal treatment in the allocation procedure.

Quite apart from the unedifying spectacle of Anglo-American conflict in Asia, such an approach has other dangers. MacArthur's staff, concerned primarily with making the occupation a financial success, might be tempted to carry its policy to the point where politically vulnerable areas in Southeast Asia run critically short of rice. This fear is very much on the minds of the British.

Second, if Japan's full-scale participation in the wheat agreement were to increase its purchases of Australian wheat to the extent that India and Britain had to buy relatively more "dollar wheat," the value of such a move to the U.S. might easily add up to zero, for our global commitments are such that while we might save money on our Japanese-occupation account, we might create difficulties in the sterling area. This is a particularly timely consideration, as ECA is moving into Southeast Asia and has made its first allotment of funds for cereals to India. Thus, the only net result of a "stiff" policy toward Britain might be unrest in underfed British areas.

The rice situation again points up the importance of correlating General MacArthur's foreign policy and that of the United States. While we need not agree with or underwrite every detail of Britain's policy in Asia, it is certainly true that unless we hang together we shall hang separately.

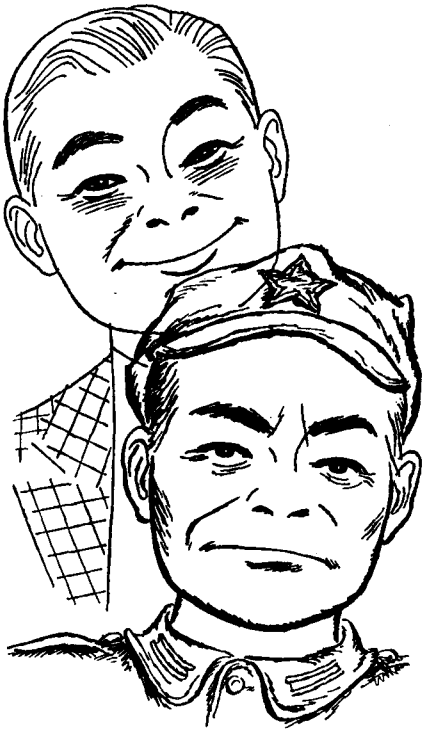
Whether the Thanksgiving conference marked the beginning of the end of MacArthur's feud with the British in this matter will become clear only when conferences give way to action.

—HANS H. LANDSBERG

How Johnny Wu Became a Communist

"I am Johnny Wu," the young man said to me in English. "You are an American newspaper reporter. I am going to be a journalist, so I am glad to meet you."

I was startled, although I shouldn't have been. Standing hesitantly at the corner of the Peking University athletic field, I was trying to decide which college building was most likely to have



in it someone who could give me the information I was after.

"That is a picture of me," Johnny said, and he pointed to the biggest of three large posters pasted on the façade of the girls' dormitory. It was a bad crayon drawing done by a classmate. The Chinese characters giving his name were very large and black.

"We are having college elections this week," he went on. "Like American elections. We campaign, and then we have secret ballots. I am running for student council."

I told him I had come to the campus to check on a rumor that Chiang Kai-shek's government (this was in early 1948, and Chiang was still in control of most of China) was planning to outlaw all student organizations.

What could the government do to the students, Johnny wanted to know. It wouldn't dare harm them. Why, his own father was a Nanking official. The students were the future leaders of the nation. Who would dare oppose them? He returned to the subject of his election strategy.

After that first day I saw Johnny often. I had given him my address and telephone number, and had said to him, "Call me up if anything happens that you think might be important news for America." I almost always did that in China, and sometimes it brought results, but usually it didn't.

It worked with Johnny. He thought everything that happened on the campus would be interesting to the American press. He called me when he was elected to the student council, when the food was bad in the student dining hall, when the students planned an evening of games and peasant dances. Sometimes he considered the news so important that he came on his bicycle and gave it to me confidentially.

He was a very thin young man who wore dapper western-style clothing. That spring he usually wore a well-tailored tan gabardine suit, with a good white shirt and a well-chosen necktie. He always looked meticulously neat and polished. His features were sharper than those of most Chinese, and when he matured he would have, I thought, a shrewd face.

His English was a home-grown

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Shanghai variety that moved fluently through slang, mixed up tenses, and confused "he" and "she," but was never at a loss.

Johnny attacked his first month as an all-college officeholder with spirit. He obviously wasn't studying much. He could talk convincingly about George Bernard Shaw, Ibsen, and Eugene O'Neill (he was majoring in English, and drama was his special field). But he claimed he had read more in all of them than most of his professors, so why should he bother going to classes? The meetings of the student council were much more interesting.

Toward the end of March his telephone calls to me began to increase in number and intensity. It seemed to me that he began to exaggerate the importance of what he had to tell me, even more than before. According to Johnny, the Kuomintang was on the point of launching a persecution campaign against Peking's students on the ground that they were harboring Communist agents. Johnny began calling almost daily, sometimes several times a day, about student kidnapings, beatings, jailings, and torturings.

At first I didn't believe him entirely. His voice was high and squeaky and he always sounded excited; I usually decided that he had heard a wild rumor and was relaying it to me without trying to verify it. I learned, however, after weeks of tedious leg work, that Johnny had the facts pretty straight.

By mid-April it was obvious that the Kuomintang was using not only the police to harass the students but also hired thugs armed with cudgels, who for a few loaves of bread a day would surround a college for hours and even days. I saw a good deal of this with my own eyes. "The campus is surrounded this morning by armed guards," Johnny would say over the telephone. "They don't want us to have the parade we were planning." Sometimes I could talk my way in through the armed guards who blocked all roads leading to the college, and sometimes I couldn't. When I did I would find the streets on all four sides of the campus solid with uniformed men carrying rifles slung over their shoulders, and the alleys leading up to these streets would be crowded with civilian riffraff, each of whom carried a stick or a club.

The situation went past mere threats one night when armed hooligans raided a college campus and carried off seven students—leaving a trail of blood and an echo of screams behind them.

Johnny called me on the phone at six o'clock the next morning. I got out of bed and bicycled to the campus where the kidnaping had taken place. The student body was tense with hatred of the government and its agents. The kidnapers, they said, were "Kuomintang secret-service men"—a name they gave to anyone who threatened them. I had never seen the students so united, so angry, or so determined. They said they were going to demand the release of the seven kidnaped students even if they themselves were all mowed down by government machine guns.

The students won. Thousands of students and faculty members from the eleven or twelve colleges in and near Peking converged on the offices of the city's highest government representative and sat in front of the great red imperial gates until the seven students, beaten and terrified, were released and placed in a university hospital.

Johnny's position on his own campus had placed him in the lead of the day's activities. In two months Johnny had changed. He no longer talked about his popularity among his college mates. He no longer fell back upon the security of his father's position in Nanking. He no longer said that the government wouldn't dare harm its future leaders.

Even America, the land of free elections and free speech, began to look different to him. "Why does your government still support a government out here that does this sort of thing?" he asked me angrily one day. "Is that your kind of democracy? Why don't you let us alone? Those eggs your government is giving to us students, they make us sick. We can't digest them any more."

One day, sitting in my courtyard, where the iris was in bloom, Johnny said he thought the Communists would be better for China than the Kuomintang government could ever be. There was no other solution, he said.

It seemed to me that flat statements came too easily to some of the students that spring. What did Johnny know about the majority of the people of China, I asked him. What did college students know about eating millet every day, and not enough of that? What did any of them know about manual labor? Ten years from now, I said, Johnny Wu would be making money in Shanghai or Hong Kong, riding around in a big car, with a wife dressed in silk gowns and nylon stockings.

Johnny looked as though I had struck him in the face.

One night Johnny and several of his friends began talking about the 1919 student movement in China, in which some of their parents had taken part, and leaders of which could be found in almost every government office in Nanking.

"Our student movement must be different," they said. "We have thought about this a great deal—how to make it different, so that we do not become corrupt the way the 1919 students did. We must not be impressed by our positions as student leaders. Every few months we change our leaders so that no one becomes too important. We must put the interests of the people above our own selfish interests. And we must get rid of our own bourgeois habits. That will be the hardest, for we like the bourgeois life and have been brought up in it."

They were eating ice cream with chocolate sauce at the moment, and Johnny was on his second helping.

Then came the blacklists. The military authorities of the Kuomintang government presented the university authorities with names of students who were to report to the police. Everyone knew that such arrests might end in the death sentence for any or all of those arrested. Late one night Johnny telephoned, his voice higher and more squeaky than ever. "I'm on the blacklist," he said.

The school authorities stalled off the gendarmes for a few days with

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legalistic arguments and the weight of their prestige as scholars. This strategy gave the students time to escape.

I came home one afternoon during this period to find a scribbled note on my desk. "I'll be back at six o'clock," it said. "I'm leaving early in the morning. Johnny."

He arrived promptly. He drank a cup of Chinese tea, but he wouldn't take a cookie or a sandwich, neither of which he had ever turned down before. Johnny, who usually had a great deal to say, wasn't talking.

"Is it Shanghai or Hong Kong?" I asked him.

I knew that hundreds of students had gone into Communist territory recently. They had been dribbling across the line ever since the summer before, although all the stories of it were told in deepest confidence. But Johnny, it still seemed to me, wasn't the type. Shanghai or Hong Kong seemed more like Johnny.

"I can't tell you," he said slowly. Then, in a rush, as though he had been thinking about it for a long time but had not found the courage to speak of it before, he said: "Remember what you said about me ten years from now? You will find out some time that you were *wrong*."

As he went out the gate and we shook hands, I said, "When do you think we'll see each other again?"

"That depends on history," Johnny said.

Eight months later, in February, the Communists entered Peking. By April the only Communists with whom I had spoken could be counted on one hand. One was the military officer who brought me a written order stating that my activities as a foreign correspondent were to cease. Another was a secretary in the Foreign Nationals Office who told me that for the present foreigners could not go outside the city gates.

It had been a lonely two months since February. One by one the foreigners were leaving, and the talk within the American and European communities was largely of customs regulations, exit visas, shipping schedules, and how to get money from home.

The Communists were all about us. We saw soldiers in yellowed khaki on every street corner. We saw political workers, male and female, in their light-blue tunics and trousers. But most Communists, even those whom we had known personally before, didn't talk to us. And our non-Communist Chinese friends stopped coming to see us.

As we Americans read about ourselves in the Communist papers, we developed either a strong sense of guilt or a bitter cynicism. We were the imperialists. Our country was the world's main stumbling block to the development of a "socialist" state, and therefore everything we did was in opposition to the people of China. It wasn't like being from the wrong side of the tracks; it was more like being a member of a family whose father has been accused of embezzlement.

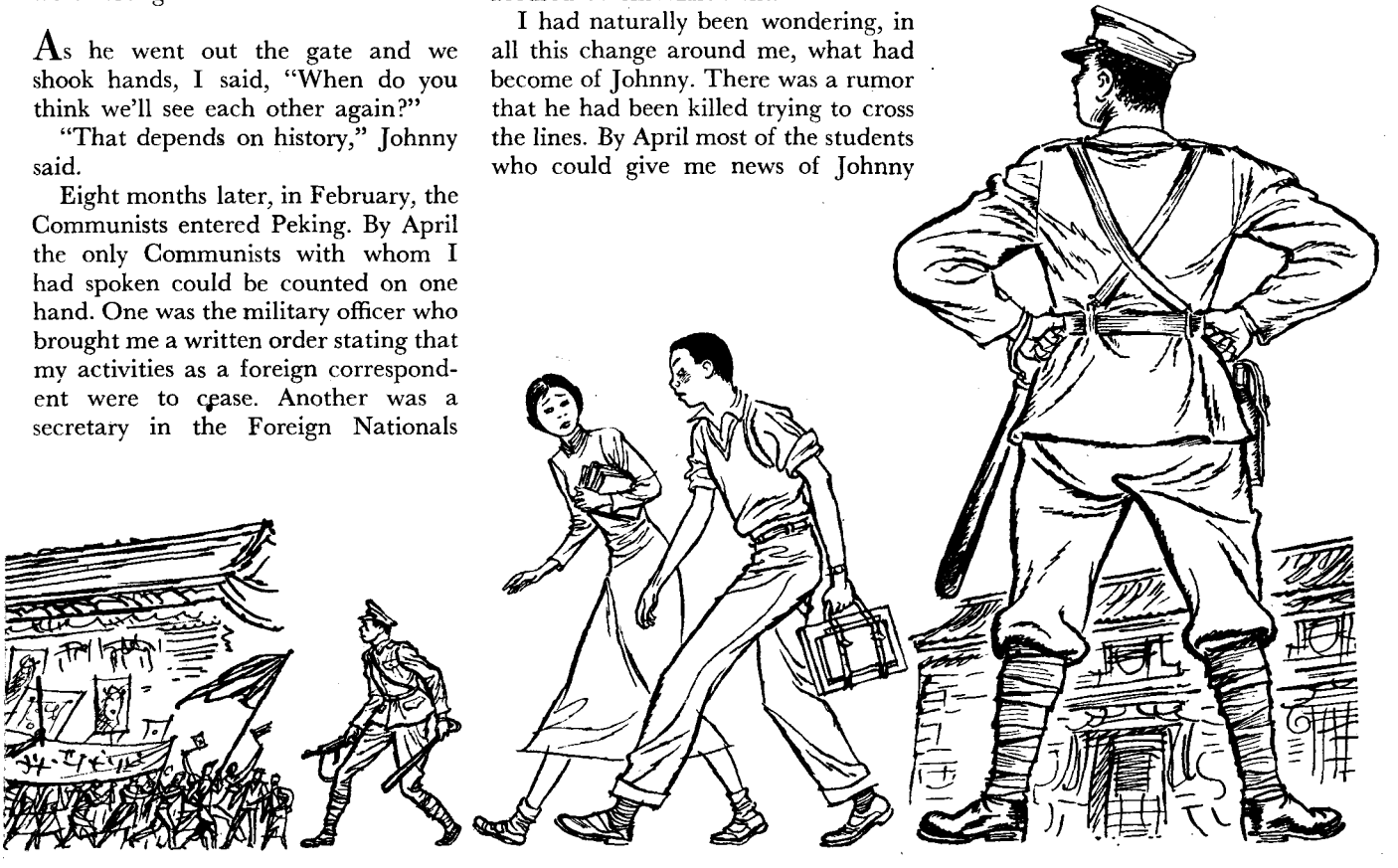
I had naturally been wondering, in all this change around me, what had become of Johnny. There was a rumor that he had been killed trying to cross the lines. By April most of the students who could give me news of Johnny had left Peking; they had joined the student group which was to move south with the Communist troops to help "liberate" Shanghai and Nanking.

Then one day I heard my gate bell ring, and Johnny stepped into my courtyard and stood there grinning at me from under the peak of his military cap. He was skinnier than ever, but he seemed to be in excellent health and spirits. He stood up straighter than he had before, obviously proud of his uniform. He wouldn't come into the house. He wouldn't stop for a cup of tea. He had some literature in English for me—news sheets which he was helping to write.

I wanted to talk—wanted him to talk. But he started to move toward the gate. "I'm not supposed to say much," he said. I had a feeling that he wasn't supposed to have come at all.

"I can't stay," he said. "We have so much work to do, and there are so few people to do it."

He said good-by, and shook my hand formally. Then he said, "The phone number of my office is on that sheet if you want any more information. But don't ask for me. I've changed my name." —JEAN LYON



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The Drift That Carried Impellitteri In

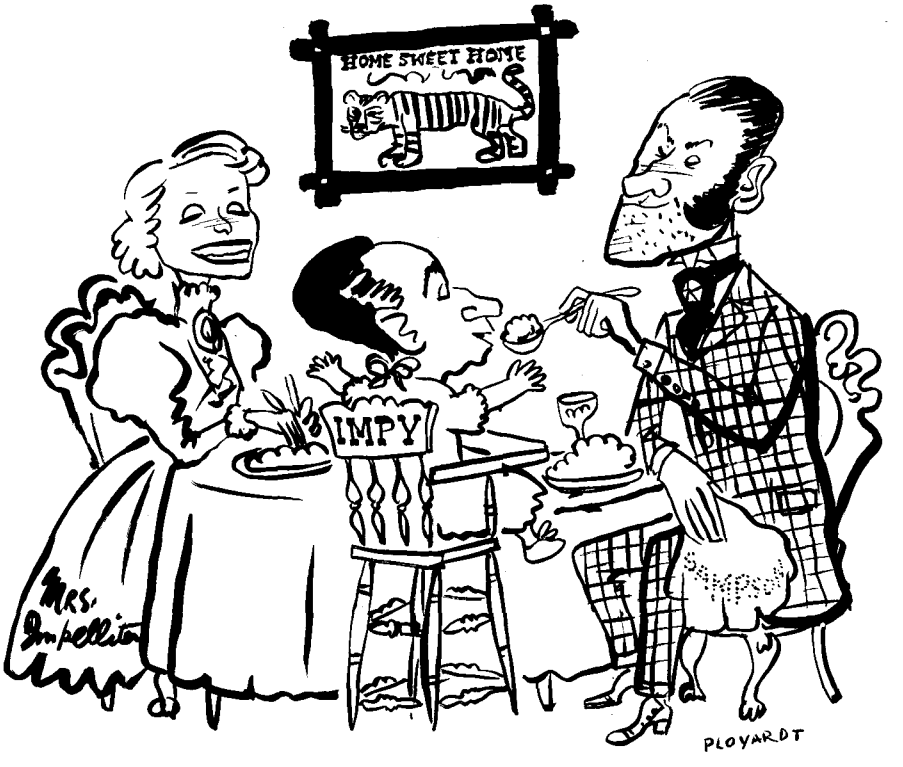
Last fall Edward Corsi, the Republican nominee for mayor of New York, asserted that his two principal rivals, Ferdinand Pecora and Vincent Impellitteri, represented "nothing more than a fight between Tammany leader Carmine DeSapio and former leader Frank J. Sampson for control of Tammany Hall." Displaying less restraint, Harold Ickes referred to Impellitteri as "the dependent independent" and claimed to see political bosses "lying in ambush behind this simulacrum of a man whom they have the effrontery to dub independent." Most of the voters concluded, if they were paying attention at all, that Corsi was just being a Republican and Harold Ickes was just being Harold Ickes.

After the election, when the aforementioned Frank J. Sampson was appointed administrative assistant to the mayor, a post sometimes known as "patronage secretary," the public's faith in Impellitteri's independence was not seriously shaken. The New York *Daily News* explained in an editorial that IMPY CAN'T RUN THINGS ALONE. ". . . A lot of people and papers that tried to cut down Impy during the campaign," it said, "are striving to build up some kind of political scandal. The Sampson appointment, these folks argue, proves that Impy never was an independent, always was a tool of bosses, and will now simply restore Tammany rule with a few minor alterations. It seems to us it's a little early in the day to make any such sweeping denunciations and predictions."

Associates of Impellitteri, who is actually something of a newcomer to political life, although he ran as the candidate of the Experience Party, were not surprised when he called upon his old and close friend Frank Sampson to help him deal with the vast responsibilities he will face as mayor. The two men have known each other for some twenty-five years; until the Impellitteris moved to Gracie Mansion, both lived in the same apartment house on West 16th Street; and Sampson, who is Impellitteri's Tammany district leader, has been behind most, if not all, of Impellitteri's political adventures.

Impellitteri first ran for office in 1945, when—with Sampson's backing—he received the Democratic nomination for president of the city council.

The late Fiorello H. LaGuardia, who was retiring after three terms in City Hall, had indicated that he might support the Democratic mayoral nominee, William O'Dwyer, if O'Dwyer could show that he was free of domination by bosses. O'Dwyer promptly repudiated the two running mates whom the party bosses had selected: Lawrence Gerosa of the Bronx for comptroller, and Irwin Davidson of Manhattan for president of the city council. Soon a new Democratic ticket was announced: To replace the Italian from the Bronx and the Jew from Manhattan, the Democrats chose a Jew from the Bronx and an Italian from Manhattan. Lazarus Joseph of the Bronx was to run for comptroller, and the only task that remained was to find a dependable Italian in Manhattan. This took some deliberation, but finally, with time growing short, the recommendation of Frank Sampson, a new district leader on the lower West Side, was accepted. Vincent Impellitteri, an obscure lawyer who was then



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secretary to Supreme Court Justice Joseph A. Gavagan, became the Democratic candidate for president of the city council.

These maneuvers did not satisfy LaGuardia, who described the deal as "a case of rape by acquiescence and consent, and a good time was enjoyed by all," and he used his influence to get Newbold Morris to run as the candidate of the No Deal Party.

O'Dwyer, however, appeared well pleased with the results of what was generally understood to be his attack on Tammany. In March, 1947, at the insistence of O'Dwyer, Sampson was elected chairman of the Executive Committee of the New York County Democratic Committee—that is to say, leader of Tammany Hall. The nominal leader at the time was Edward V. Loughlin, who derived most of his authority from two other leaders, Bert Stand and Clarence Neal. There was a certain amount of disaffection in the Hall with this leadership; Carmine G. DeSapio, who had begun to attract a following among the leaders, suggested the advisability of playing ball with the mayor and Sampson for a while to see what they had in mind. It was thus that Frank Sampson occupied for an uneasy sixteen months a position which is usually held only by a man who represents—or who, at any rate, can make it appear that he represents—the strongest coalition of Democratic politicians in Manhattan. But Sampson crowded his luck.

In the summer of 1948, New York City politics was enlivened by the retirement of Surrogate James A. Delehanty. A surrogate controls a great deal of patronage, for he appoints attorneys to handle the estates of persons who leave no wills, and parcels out fees amounting to tens of thousands of dollars a year. The nomination of a surrogate is therefore of considerable interest to the Democratic organization, which can usually expect its candidate to win. The majority of the Tammany leaders, led unofficially now by DeSapio, first favored Louis A. Valente and then switched to his nephew Francis Valente. But Sampson, anxious to consolidate the leadership which had been handed to him by O'Dwyer, wanted a candidate of his own. Perhaps it is unnecessary to add that his candidate was Vincent Impellitteri.

The Tammany district leaders decided at this point that good sportsmanship had its limits, and settled down with determination to show Sampson who was boss.

O'Dwyer, seeing how the cards lay, selflessly offered to mediate. Out of these negotiations came the compromise nomination of General Sessions Judge John A. Mullen and the end of Sampson's troubled term as leader of Tammany Hall. The bitterness engendered between Sampson and DeSapio in this episode was not mitigated when the unheard-of happened and the Republican candidate, George Frankenthaler, was elected surrogate by a few hundred votes. As Corsi suggested, the resentment of regular Democratic leaders against Sampson, the man who rocked the boat in 1948, may well have been an important factor in last fall's campaign.

There are those, including close associates of Sampson, who have characterized Impellitteri's candidacy as a fight for political survival. They can hardly have meant Impellitteri's survival, for even if he had lost he would have been able to complete his term as president of the city council, and, if he had agreed not to run, he could have had a fourteen-year, $28,000-a-year judgeship. The man who had most to fear from the election of Pecora was Frank Sampson. He could probably have survived the victory of a Republican candidate better than that of a hostile Democrat like Pecora.

In inducing Impellitteri to run, Sampson got strong support from Mrs. Impellitteri, a vigorous and ambitious woman whose maiden name—McLaughlin—gave the candidate of the Experience Party the appearance of a balanced ticket in himself. The influence of Mrs. Impellitteri may also have been responsible for the haste with which the Impellitteris moved into Gracie Mansion, the nine-room home given to New York's mayor, as soon as Impellitteri became acting mayor. Less than a week after O'Dwyer's resignation, they gave the key of their four-room apartment on West 16th Street to Mrs. Impellitteri's mother and set off with hand luggage for the more spacious confines of Gracie Mansion. Soon after the move, Impellitteri devoted a great deal of energy trying to put off the elections until 1951 and, failing that, trying to get at least a court ruling that he could occupy Gracie Mansion and the mayor's office in City Hall until January 1, no matter who won on November 7.

Once fully committed to battle, Im-

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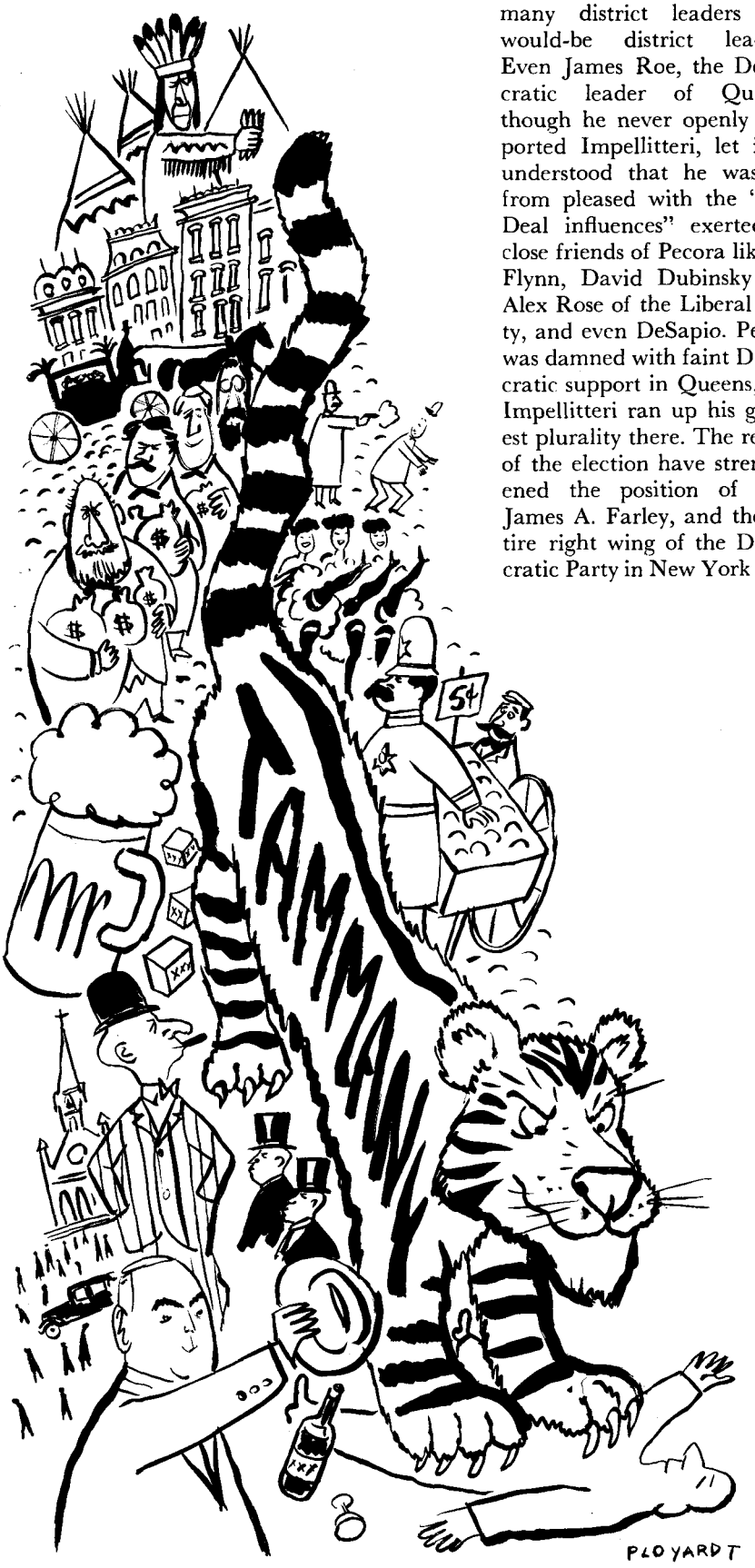

pellitteri and Sampson gathered about them a wide assortment of dissident Tammany district leaders and would-be district leaders. Even James Roe, the Democratic leader of Queens, though he never openly supported Impellitteri, let it be understood that he was far from pleased with the "Fair Deal influences" exerted by close friends of Pecora like Ed Flynn, David Dubinsky and Alex Rose of the Liberal Party, and even DeSapio. Pecora was damned with faint Democratic support in Queens, and Impellitteri ran up his greatest plurality there. The results of the election have strengthened the position of Roe, James A. Farley, and the entire right wing of the Democratic Party in New York City.

Impellitteri's appointment of former Assistant District Attorney Thomas Murphy as police commissioner during the campaign was a master stroke, the importance of which Impellitteri probably did not realize at the time. Murphy, too, was a political dissident, who felt that he should have been rewarded by the Democratic organization with a judgeship after his successful prosecution of Alger Hiss. The proud possessor of a handsome mustache and a spotless record of opposition to Communism as well as to graft in the police department, Murphy was of invaluable assistance to Impellitteri's campaign. Pecora, who had had no direct connection with O'Dwyer's régime, was maneuvered into being somehow responsible for police-department corruption; Impellitteri, who had often served as acting mayor under O'Dwyer, got credit for cleaning up the police.

The Republicans at first thought that Impellitteri's campaign, by splitting the Democratic vote, would perhaps elect Corsi. But in October, when the *Daily News* began to print the results of its straw poll, which consistently gave Impellitteri more than fifty per cent of the total vote, most Republicans realized that they had very little chance of electing a Republican mayor but a good chance of seeing the Democratic organization embarrassed and disrupted. A study of the election returns indicates that many more New Yorkers deserted the Republican line to vote for Impellitteri than deserted the Democratic line to vote for him.

Governor Dewey, who may have hoped that Democrats casting bullet votes for Impellitteri would neglect to vote for the Democratic gubernatorial candidate, did very little to support Corsi. In fact, his dramatic conference with Impellitteri and Murphy about the gambling investigation could not have been better timed or staged for Impellitteri's purposes. Newspaper pictures of the three men beaming at one another went far to convince Republican voters that Impellitteri was a man of stature whom the governor took seriously. One of Impellitteri's political associates recently remarked, in what may have been an unguarded moment, "Yes, Dewey was very helpful to us in the campaign."

Political analysts who have attempted

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to explain Impellitteri's victory display a wordy ambiguity which suggests that they simply don't know the answer. Most of them prefer to regard the election as an unexplainable demonstration of orneriness by the voters of New York City, like the one that put LaGuardia in office. LaGuardia, however, was not only an impudent and lovable independent; he was also a genuine reformer. So far, Impellitteri, who stood for nothing in particular in the way of reform, has not even lived up to his nickname; "Impy" is not particularly impudent.

A review of Impellitteri's campaign speeches leaves one with the inescapable conclusion that it must have been how he spoke rather than what he said that impressed the voters. "I am fighting for a principle," he insisted, "and I believe there are enough voters who believe in that principle to elect me." What this principle seemed to boil down to was that Impellitteri was a pretty brave fellow to be running at all.

"He's got spunk," was the remark heard most often from those who delighted in calling their candidate "Impy." Whether or not Impellitteri was in fact independent rapidly became the major issue of the campaign. Pecora and Corsi were compelled to leave off consideration of more important municipal problems to attack—and thereby strengthen—the impression that "Impy" was independent.

"We saw this coming a long time ago," one of Impellitteri's campaign managers remarked a few weeks after the election. "We saw the cycle of what was happening to machines all over the country—what happened to Crump in Tennessee, to Hague in Jersey, to Curley in Boston—and we knew we had a winner."

A distinction which needs to be pointed out here is that the opponents of Crump, Hague, and Curley rode into office at the head of reform stampedes; Impellitteri was borne in on a curiously aimless drift. The voters didn't want a Republican; they didn't want a Democrat; after twelve years of LaGuardia, they didn't particularly want a reformer. They were fed up with the familiar pattern of politics, and Vincent Impellitteri satisfied a vague craving for something new—and vague. —ROBERT K. BINGHAM

Lausche of Ohio: What League, What Team?

Politics in the United States would be greatly simplified and take on infinitely more meaning if the two major parties were to inaugurate a system similar to baseball's winter trading session. The Republicans would benefit, for example, if Wayne Morse could be bartered for a pair of fast young Dixiecrat Congressmen and a little cash. If President Truman could get George Aiken in exchange for Pat McCarran and a copy of the *Congressional Record* bound in limp leather, both teams would function more smoothly.

Should such a scheme be put into operation, the Democrats would undoubtedly demand a stiff price for Ohio's Governor Frank J. Lausche—something like a three-month moratorium on criticism of Dean Acheson—but they'd have a stronger organization without him, and he would be far more at home with the opposition. In spite of the fact that Governor Lausche and George D. Nye, his lieutenant governor, were the only two Buckeye Democrats to win state jobs in the recent elections, Lausche has become a serious handicap to his party. As a team player, he is near the bottom of the list. But as a vote getter, he is in the happy position of being able to ignore the Democrats, sabotage his fellow candidates, insult organized labor, and still win by a handsome majority in a year when the vote goes heavily Republican.

What is especially galling to Democratic leaders and union officials is the fact that Lausche's 1950 majority of nearly 150,000 obviously puts him in the national scene. In 1952, Truman will undoubtedly be seeking a powerful man to run for the Vice-Presidency, and the Ohioan will not be easy to overlook. Or, if the governor prefers to bide his time—he's only fifty-five—he can, in that year, attempt to unseat Senator John Bricker. Incidentally, if the Bricker-Lausche contest does take place, motherhood, home, and the flag will receive the most complete workout since the Fourth of July speeches of 1908. Both men are devoted disciples of the sobbing-violin school of oratory.

Attempts to explain certain politicians' popularity with the voters have been no more succesful than the efforts of various psychiatrists to analyze genius with Freudian techniques. Some men merely seem to start a curious chemical reaction among the electorate, and thereafter the love affair is carried on with a fidelity usually found only in Hollywood movies. Governor Lausche inspires that kind of loyalty among the voters of his state, and only once has the charm failed to work.

His public career began prosaically enough in 1931, when he was presented with a judgeship in Cleveland's municipal court for keeping his ward harnessed to the Democratic machine. A year later, he was elected to the common pleas court for a four-year term, then was re-elected in 1936 and

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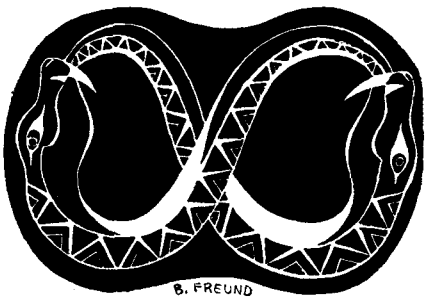

again in 1940, each time by a handsome majority. By that time, Louis Seltzer, editor-in-chief of the Scripps-Howard chain in Ohio, had taken out political adoption papers on the ambitious judge, and in 1941 Lausche ran for mayor. His margin of victory was, as usual, imposing. Two years later, he ran again and swamped the opposition with seventy-one per cent of the vote.

Obviously, he was now ready for a faster league. He received the Democratic nomination for governor in 1944, and won without trouble. He was the first Roman Catholic ever to hold the job. He was nosed out in the 1946 Republican landslide, but the ardor of the voters returned two years later, and Lausche was again the victor.

Republicans are, of course, cognizant of the Lausche-electorate relationship; they paid indirect homage to it in the spring primary when they successfully sponsored a change in the entire ballot form to prevent his popularity from being passed on to the other Democratic candidates. Until 1950, Ohio used the traditional party ballot with the eagle and rooster emblems and large circles provided for those voters who wanted to support a straight ticket with a single "X." Since the gubernatorial nominees were at the top of the ballot, undue strength on the part of either major-party candidate led a number of citizens to make only one big cross and let it go at that.

The year 1950, however, brought about a vintage election for the G.O.P. Robert A. Taft was running, and to return him to his seat in the Senate the Republicans would, if necessary, have deeded Texas back to Mexico. Unfortunately, the Senatorial candidates appeared in sixth position on the Ohio ballot—under the nominees for the governorship and other state offices—and there was the chilling possibility that a number of Lausche enthusiasts would use only the big circle.

To prevent this unhappy transference of power, the G.O.P. proposed that Ohio adopt the Massachusetts-type ballot, where each candidate must be selected individually. Backed by a press almost unanimously behind Taft, the new ballot was approved. The newspapers, of course, dealt in nothing so crass as the Senator's political fortunes. They dwelt, instead, on the need to get better men for public office, in such lofty terms as had not been heard since the last high-school debate on "Resolved: That War Should Be Outlawed." As a former professional baseball player (Duluth, circa 1916), Lausche probably interpreted the maneuver as the equivalent of an intentional base on balls.

To a number of Democrats, the new ballot removed Lausche's last *raison d'être*. He had already given the party a nasty shock with his curious statement at the Governors' Conference at White Sulphur Springs, where he called a press conference to announce that he was undecided whether to vote for Ferguson or for Taft. (He never did get around to notifying the voters of his final decision.) Since the defeat of Taft and the election of Ferguson was the No. 1 party objective, Lausche's uncertainty was not without repercussions. This coolness toward a fellow candidate, however, followed precedent. He was equally distant to nominee Harry Truman in the 1948 election.

The public examination of his conscience is a fair example of the governor's ability to get his name on the front pages of Ohio's, and occasionally the nation's, newspapers. With a sharp eye for editors' predilections, he can dramatize the taking of an aspirin until it closely resembles the discovery of a cancer cure. So happy was the press with his "I don't know" statement that no editorial asked why he couldn't make his selection between two candidates whose sharply conflicting political positions were well known and whose personal qualifications could be judged on the basis of the many years of service each had given in elective office.

Labor, which was in the forefront of the Democratic campaign, was the group most stricken by Lausche's failure to support Ferguson. Already scarred in previous combat with the governor, union leaders looked upon the latest thrust as the most damaging of all. They counterattacked in the only way they could—by failing to endorse Lausche.

Organization Democrats were ostensibly for Lausche, but their hearts could hardly have been in the fight. From being a strong party man during his years as an officeholder in Cleveland, he has moved steadily away from the regular political group and formed an offshoot of his own. Patronage, for example, is usually handled by Lausche's own lieutenants unless the county chairman is known to be personally loyal to the governor. This procedure is not conducive to effective party operation, and it accounts in part for the debility of the Democratic machine in Ohio.

So marked is the governor's sense of independence that any proposal for political action must be couched in the most judicious terms or face active opposition. Not long ago, a Democrat from the Cincinnati area went to see Lausche about a possible speaking date. As the visitor was about to leave, the governor asked him if he could recommend anyone for a certain job in Cincinnati. Mr. X was suggested, and Lausche seemed properly grateful. Two days later, the man who had been to see the governor met a friend on the street. "Brother," the friend said, "you certainly cooked X's chances for that appointment." The first man was properly mystified. "According to the governor," the friend continued, "you pressured the hell out of him to name X and he says he'll be damned if he's going to yield to you."

But if Lausche would win no popularity polls among the Democratic leaders, his standing with Republicans is surprisingly high. He is spoken of in

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Governor Frank J. Lausche

glowing terms by such groups as the Ohio Chamber of Commerce and the Ohio Manufacturers' Association, segments of society which usually look upon "Democrat" as a word not used in mixed company. G.O.P. members of the last legislature referred admiringly to him as a better Republican than Thomas J. Herbert, his predecessor, a member of that party.

Governor Lausche has won this approval by conducting an honest, conservative, frugal administration and by disassociating himself from most of the Democratic national policies. He has frowned publicly at some of Robert Taft's foreign-policy fumbling, but he has more often voiced his admiration for Ohio's senior Senator.

However much Governor Lausche appreciates the esteem in which he is held by the opposition, he never forgets the source of his strength, the rank-and-file voters. One of ten children born to poor Slovenian immigrants, Lausche has never lost his easy, informal manner toward workers and farmers. With none of the self-conscious bonhomie frequently encountered in professional politicians, he can loosen his tie, toss his coat over his shoulder, and be genuinely at ease at a county fair, or he can drink beer and sing tender ballads with the boys of the Seventh Ward Fishing and Bingo Association. He's a big, affable man with dark, unruly hair, warm, friendly eyes, and something of the man's-man charm of the late Wendell Willkie. He maintains a strong sentimental tie with the large colony of central Europeans in Cleveland, and his emotional addresses frequently end with everyone in the hall, including Lausche, dissolved in tears.

During his first term as governor, Lausche was deeply suspicious of businessmen and almost had to be hauled bodily to a State Chamber of Commerce dinner. Even then, he flatly refused to give a speech and maintained a wall of silence between himself and the other men at the speakers' table. That period ended, however, and today he plays golf—usually par or under—and spends a large part of his social life with the more affluent citizens of Ohio. A number of his critics blame them for his drift to the Right, an interesting variation on the usual guilt-by-association accusation.

Friends of the governor, however, describe him as a sound, middle-of-the-road Democrat who can command the support of labor without alienating the white-collar class. They use the term "Presidential timber" with increasing frequency since the most recent victory, and say that Lausche is the man to disabuse the people of the concept of the Democrats as the party of the CIO and AFL. The comments of union leaders and other Fair Dealers on these high hopes have no place in a magazine that might fall into the hands of children.

But a maverick, even of the rare conservative breed, can frequently make the experts look mildly silly. The usual political rules have little or no application to him; he can, without penalty, practice heresy that would ruin another man. Even a number of the men close to Lausche admit that they know little or nothing of his social and economic philosophy, and at least one has wondered aloud whether one exists. Apparently it makes little difference to the electorate.

In an introspective moment, Betty Grable once expressed surprise at her success, since, she said, she was only a fair dancer and singer, and Hollywood was filled with young ladies as well endowed physically as she. "I guess people just like me," she concluded, accurately if not analytically. Governor Lausche could make the same comment about the voters of Ohio.

—JAMES A. MAXWELL

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Pushing a Tray To the Promised Land

Orthodox club life, which has done so much to standardize American communities, has yet to get a really firm grip on Los Angeles. This may be because Los Angeles has yet to get a really firm grip on itself. After more than a century of U.S. rule, Los Angeles is still a loose territorial agreement among a couple of million strangers from out of state. Organized brotherhood, hardy as it is, cannot grow properly in such soil.

In recent years, of course, as the movies, industrial farming, oil, and heavy industry have put a gradual end to the boom-and-bust cycles that kept a stable population from anchoring in Los Angeles, the city has developed a club pattern which, in certain areas, resembles that in calmer cities. This resemblance is strongest in such well-financed institutions as the Jonathan Club, a local equivalent of San Francisco's Pacific Union or New York's Union League, its athletic and university organizations, and the several beach and country clubs, that decorate the richer landscape. It is also fairly strong in the fast-growing network of patriotic, service, commercial, fan, and women's clubs that has sprung up since 1920. Below these levels, however, the resemblance ends.

The majority brotherhood in Los Angeles, the turbulent, individualistic army of social, religious, theosophical, and political organizations, the tramp of whose feet has so often shaken California and the nation, is a pure distillate of the region. Its member groups have only these points in common, so far as I have been able to discover: They contain almost no "prominent citizens," they rarely require dues, they blackball few candidates; finally, their nearest approximations of clubhouses are the two Clifton cafeterias in the business section of the city, one on Olive Street, the other on Broadway. The two Cliftons are by all odds Los Angeles' most popular clubhouses.

Clifford E. Clinton, their owner, whose slogan is "Pay what you wish; dine free unless delighted!" and who has made it stick, apparently had the architectural ideal of crowding all outdoors onto, and into, his two cafeterias. The front of the older Clifton on Olive Street, which has caused the city planning commission to threaten suit for civic defacement, is a rough approximation of a mountainside, with a false-rock wall, a cascading waterfall, a miniature volcano with a glowing crater, and various tepees, crosses, cacti, and other objects along the upper rim. Inside, the hungry man passes through a cavelike passageway bristling with stalactites to the food section, and then out with his tray into a kind of indoor Hawaiian island, with neon-lighted palm trees, rock terraces, another large waterfall, running brooks, rainbow fountains, a rain hut on which an artificial monsoon breaks at twenty-minute intervals, and the music of an organ or, occasionally, of a small orchestra. If a man cannot eat in these surroundings, he can make his way to the basement, where there is a faithful and costly reproduction of the Garden of Gethsemane, with a statue of Christ at prayer and the brook Kidron running along one wall.

The Broadway Clifton is only a little

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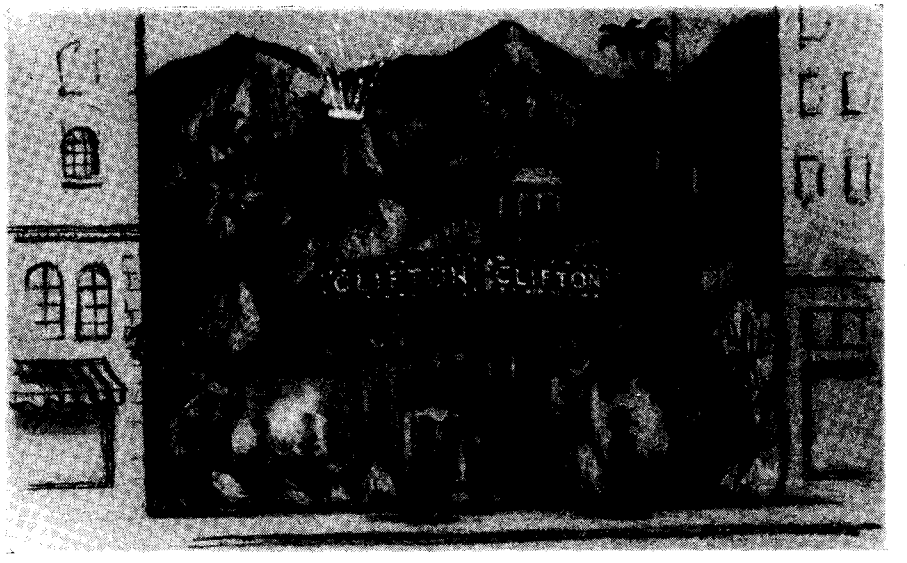
less arresting, having a dimly lighted main dining room built to resemble a redwood forest, with smaller waterfalls, a grotto hewn out of what seems to be solid granite, various arts-and-crafts concessions in the basement, a handwriting analyst in attendance, and the usual brooks, water wheels, and organ music. At least half of the fifteen thousand or so people who eat in Clifton's every day patronize the Broadway cafeteria, and of these about a tenth are members of organizations whose weekly or monthly meetings are held in one of the eight highly scenic public dining rooms upstairs.

Members of the Utopian Society, which came to life in 1933 under the guidance of a former bond salesman, a former oil-stock salesman, and a former real-estate promoter, and which used chain letters and a secret fraternal ritual to gain a membership of five hundred thousand, discussed the "arithmetic of abundance" time and again at Clifton's before the movement died in 1935.

While Upton Sinclair, founder of the End Poverty in California movement in 1934, was not a steady patron of Clifton's, thousands of his followers in the eight hundred E.P.I.C. clubs were. Even after Sinclair had been defeated in his campaign for the governorship, the E.P.I.C. hosts made Clifton's South Seas Room resound with the principles of socialism—to the acute discomfiture of the Junior Chamber of Commerce, which often practiced to become a Senior Chamber of Commerce in the Coral Beach Room next door.

A year or so after Dr. Francis E. Townsend and Revolving Old Age Pensions got under way, Clifton's Broadway really launched its career as a town hall—with food on the side. When Dr. Townsend addressed his senior citizens there, the partition between the South Seas and Coral Beach had to be taken down. This is not to imply that the Townsend Plan, or any of the other plans or movements listed here, was born at Clifton's. They were not. But many of them were nursed to health there, for an average cost of fifty-four cents a meal, while the organ played *The Battle Hymn of the Republic.*

Townsendism was a trigger that set off a chain of less successful plenty plans—the New Exchange Tax System, Tradex, Syncrotax, Dated Money, Pentocracy, The Fifth Monarchy Men of the Seventeenth Century, and the $30 Every Thursday, or Ham and Eggs, to name a few. Some of these were essentially lonelyhearts clubs, but some, like Ham and Eggs, were bald promotions, with political overtones that soon attracted men like Gerald L. K. Smith. Clifton's made room for all. It was perhaps portentous in the late 1930's to hear the Elder Booms, a social and charitable society of ladies over sixty, singing



Love Lifted Me at one end of the third floor, and then to hear the fiery-eyed pensioners raise the crackling cry "Ham and Eggs!" at the other. One had the gentle sound of appeasement; the other sounded a good deal like the voice of the Third Reich.

Aside from the organizations that mixed economics with politics at Clifton's, there were those that mixed economics with God. Of these, the Mighty I Am Cult, which was born in Los Angeles, once numbered some 350,000 members in the United States, and brought around $3 million to its founders, was possibly the most interesting. Its followers were preoccupied with visions of wealth, jewels, and power, and believed they could pacify their opposition by exuding a white flame. The flame was also useful for transporting them, jetlike, to the rich lost cities of antiquity.

The Mankind United Club, which promised to end want and war on earth with the aid of a race of little men with metallic heads who dwelt at the center of the earth, was also interesting. Its founder, Arthur Bell, informed his followers that if their enemies ever got too aggresive, he would use his ray machine on them to "knock their eyesockets out at a thousand miles distance." He also promised big pensions, a four-day week, $25,000 homes, and other benefits to satisfy the material man. He did not garner much over a million dollars.

To the average nonmember, these cults were preposterous. But to the man interested in the basic tensions of American civilization, they were invaluable references. They were made up largely of unnoticed people who had been shaken down from the rest of the country into the desert corner of the United States. These were the elders who had saved for years so they could spend their old age in the sun; the hairdressers, conductors, and clerks, without money, power, or faith, and burning for all three; the dwellers in the most promising end of the promised land who had somehow missed their chance to be President, misread the combination to the safe, been out when the talent scout called, exercised conscientiously and gotten arthritis anyhow—little vessels of wrath. They were a big part of the basic citizenry of Southern California, and though the Mighty I Am and the Mankind United cults are gone, their people are not. They are still around, pushing trays at Clifton's.

Pushing trays with the I Ams, but

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otherwise quite different, are the members of local organizations like the Agabeg Occult Church, the Self-Realization Fellowship of America, the Golden Lotus Yoga Dream Hermitage, the Vedanta Society (which claims Aldous Huxley and Christopher Isherwood as members), the Ancient Order of Melchizedek, the Crusade of the New Civilization, and so on, to the number of 850 or more. In the cafeteria line with them may be a nudist in town from the nearby Land of Moo (clothed for the occasion), a new "veiled Mahatma" in from the Ojai Valley, a faith healer who has made the blind see in his tent the night before, or an old man from Boone County, Iowa, looking for another old man from Boone County.

For an old man, above all the others, Clifton's would be just the place to find people who belonged to some one of Southern California's forty-eight state societies. For the last fifteen years, the Federation of State Societies, composed mostly of elderly men and women from somewhere else, has made Clifton's its indoor campground. In the more agitated days of Los Angeles' adolescence, the state societies worked harder than any other organizations, official or otherwise, to anchor people in the shifting Southern California landscape. Their picnics, which were sometimes attended by as many as 150,000 people, their monthly sociables, their committees to round up new arrivals, and their travelers'-aid functions combined to establish a kind of colony civilization where it seemed no civilization at all was destined to take root. Before Clifton's, the state societies met mostly in the city parks; after Clifton's they usually held their picnics there.

A while ago, at a monthly meeting of one of the Midwestern state societies, I pushed my tray behind a handsome, quick-minded, eighty-three-year-old gentleman who was filling in for the regular chairman, who happened to be down with a liver ailment. Although the temporary chairman was from the capital of his state, he seemed to set no great store by this fact, but talked instead of the burdens of the graduated income tax, about which his sons complained. On our way upstairs to the Monterey Room, he introduced me to two elderly sisters, one of them the oldest living immigrant to Southern California from her state, and to a man of about fifty, ruddy and heavy-set, who was to address the meeting that night. He was the Prohibitionist candidate for attorney general of California.

Upstairs, lights shone on the murals depicting sunny afternoons at Cypress Point and Point Lobos, and after a general exchange of greetings we sat down to eat. Afterward the chairman rapped and said the meeting would begin with the singing of *America*. Next he read the minutes of the last meeting: attendance twenty-three, resolved that the summer picnic would be held in Sycamore Grove, a twenty-five-cent assessment for flowers to the widow of John Denton, meeting adjourned 9 P.M. The speaker of the evening was now introduced. Visibly deflated at the size of the house, the candidate for attorney general dwelt briefly on his plans to clean slot machines out of California, and sat down. No mention of liquor; no promises of abundance. Nevertheless, there was applause. The meeting seemed genuinely concerned about the evils of gambling in California.

Next came the entertainment. The membership sang *God Bless America*, and after that the two old sisters were helped up on a bench and led the meeting in the singing of the state song. This struck a spark, and when the song was done, there was a pause while the society readjusted to 1950 and California. The sisters were still on the bench, and after a while the meeting looked at them expectantly. "I don't know what to do," the younger sister said. "How about another song?" asked the chairman. "I know," the younger sister interrupted, "Emily will tell us what the state was like when she was a girl." The elder sister began to tell what the state had been like.

This was what the society had really turned out to hear. The elder sister's voice wasn't strong, but her memories and emotions were, and we all felt pleasure in hearing about the little girl she had been, running in the new, yellow-green field grass in the spring of 1868. Then she gave us a vision of manifest destiny—for the great trail to Santa Fe had run near her farm, and, sitting on top of a haystack, she had seen the white tops of the wagons creeping on the flat far off. And then we had a straight look at the here and now. "I don't know but what I'm glad I'm eighty-nine years old," she announced. "Four wars in my lifetime!", growing suddenly angry at this record. "Imagine anyone managing to live that long in such a time!" She shook her finger at the meeting. "You listen to me! If all they can make out of this country we had is wars, and automobiles, and"—her gaze groped over the faces and settled on the Prohibitionist candidate—"and one-armed bandits, then, by God, I say we're well shut of it. I say . . ."

—Richard A. Donovan

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A Matter of *Life* and Death

Life's Picture History of World War II, *by the Editors of* Life. *Simon & Schuster, Inc., (distributors only); 368 pages; $10.*

It is perhaps inevitable that the editors of so large and complex a publication as *Life* should show something of a fixation with so large and complex a subject as the Second World War. Not counting Winston Churchill's memoirs, this volume of photographs—advertised as weighing seven pounds and actually tipping the scales at an ounce or two under six—is Time, Inc.'s second ambitious crack at the subject.

The first, of course, was *Crusade in Europe,* the March of Time's magnificent television series of films made by combat motion-picture photographers, largely servicemen. Something over a year ago the reviewer was invited to a preview of four installments of *Crusade* by Fred Feldkamp, a former colleague, who had been assigned the job of writing the continuity on the war in Europe, presumably because of his excellent record as a Marine combat correspondent in the Pacific. The films were well done, and at the end I told Feldkamp so, but pointed out a few minor technical errors—among them the fact that Paris was liberated August 25, 1944, rather than a day later, as the film's sound track had it. "Oh, no," Feldkamp answered. "Our researchers down in Washington checked it, and *they never make a mistake.*"

In *Life's Picture History,* these infallible fact checkers have put on a somewhat better show. The date for the liberation of Paris is given on page 290 as "Aug. 19, 1944," which is quite acceptable if one assumes that the rising of the French underground marked the liberation. However, just to be on the safe side, the caption writer says on page 292: "Invasion of Holland was attempted by air on Sept. 17, 23 days after Paris was liberated . . . ."—which puts him safely back at August 25.

There are a few obvious errata. On page 293, for instance, the weight of the V-2 rocket is given as 3,000 pounds instead of fourteen tons. Immediately below is the photograph of a blazing truck "hit by a V-2." Let the editors of *Life* rest assured that if a truck sustained a hit by even a nonexistent 3,000-pound V-2 there wouldn't be anything left to burn. The flaming tank on page 309 was photographed, not in a "Ruhr city," but before the Cathedral in Cologne. . . .

However, these points are minor. In spite of the excellent judgment shown in the choice of its 1,000-odd illustrations, the book shows plainly that the present editors of *Life* have tackled a job much too big for them. Although the preface by Editor-in-Chief Henry R. Luce and wartime Managing Editor John Shaw Billings solemnly declares that "This book is strictly a book of military history," it cannot be taken seriously as such.

Fundamentally, though *Time's* book reviewer hailed the organization of *Life's* work as a stroke of pure genius, it provides no sense of the simultaneity of events in different theaters. This is doubtless due to lack of space, the ancient enemy of news magazines; a volume of the same size on each of the twelve sections that make up the book, even properly edited and written, could hardly scratch the subject. John Dos Passos, who wrote a full-page introduction for each section, and various other *Lifers* manage to mention quite a few matters of importance, but never to explain them.

Of the twelve, it is the climactic campaign of the war against the Germans—the eleven-month campaign of western Europe—that suffers most from *Life's* enforced shorthand. Matters progress sketchily (Normandy landings, seizure of Cherbourg and Caen, Breakout, Falaise Pocket, landings in Southern France) up through the liberation of Paris. Then we are asked by implication to believe that between August 25 and December 16, 1944, the only two events of importance on the Western Front were the abortive British air drop at Arnhem and the clearing of the port of Antwerp, which are dismissed in a page apiece before the editors swing blithely into the Battle of the Ardennes.

In this fashion the activities of the U.S. First, Third, Seventh, and Ninth Armies and the French First Army are totally ignored for more than three and a half months—in which took place such events as the siege and capture of Aachen by First U.S. Army, the Ninth U.S. Army's entry into the line in the north, and the bloody and important offensive of both armies toward the River Roer. Forgotten also are the Third Army's Moselle crossing, its capture of Metz, and its bloody mid-November attack toward the Saarland, as well as the Seventh Army's Vosges campaign and the fight of the French through the Belfort Gap. Later on, the entire triumphant Saarland campaign of the Third and Seventh Armies after the Bulge is ignored.

This is probably just as well. The missing periods would have overtaxed the capacities of the editors of *Life,* judging by their performance on the

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Breakout from Normandy, the most important single action fought on the continent.

It must be said that quickie histories have done much to becloud the happenings on that already dust-obscured battlefield. Their main fallacies have been two: that General George S. Patton, Jr., made the Breakout, and that it was made through St. Lô. The editors of *Life* have bought this brace of canards, thrown in a confusing grain of truth here and there, and hashed the battle from hell to breakfast.

Dos Passos leads off on page 283 with a bald statement: "In August 1944 Patton's Third Army smashed out of Normandy at Avranches . . ." Avranches was captured by First Army's VIII Corps at the end of the operation that had begun on July 25. It was the immediate objective—the corridor into Brittany and central France. When Patton's Third Army became operational at noon August 1, taking control of VIII Corps from First, that corridor was open. If running through an open corridor is smashing, then Patton smashed.

The editors of *Life* have bought the second canard outright, for page 285 is headlined BREAKOUT AT ST. LÔ. Whoever wrote the text beneath must have sensed at least part of the truth: "On July 25 the area west of St. Lô was saturated by an intensive air attack . . ." Here we have a clue and a paradox. If the Breakout occurred "at St. Lô," why was the air attack made "west of" the city?

The confusion here stems from the fact that St. Lô fell seven days before the Breakout battle began, and was the jump-off point for only a relatively minor force during the latter action. The 29th Infantry Division, with a strong assist from the 35th and 2nd, had seized the road-and-rail center on July 18, after a long, bitter fight.

Actually, the opening move of the Breakout battle was made on a front bounded roughly by the hamlets of St. Gilles and Marigny, four and seven miles west of St. Lô respectively This narrow frontage was held by VII Corps, which commanded four infantry and two armored divisions: the 9th, 4th, and 30th Infantry Divisions on the front, the 3rd Armored, 1st Infantry, and 2nd Armored behind them, ready to exploit after the bombing, followed by the three-division infantry attack, had punched through to the enemy's antitank-gun positions.

Some little hint of this is given in the text on page 285: "Through this . . . hole the 2nd and 3rd Armored and 1st Infantry Divisions poured." No reference is made to the three first-wave divisions, although there is an oblique, thickly camouflaged one fifty pages earlier, in connection with tactical air operations: ". . . a few days after D-Day [forty-nine days, to be exact] U. S. planes miscalculated and rained bombs on our own lines. This tragic error cost the lives of 88 men of the 30th Division. . . ." Even here the record is fragmentary. The 4th and 9th Divisions also were hit hard.

There can be no question about the financial success of *Life's Picture History of World War II*. According to *Time* and *Life* half a million subscribers bought it sight unseen at a special rate of $7.95. The engraving, printing, and paper are nothing short of extraordinary. Why is the text in such matters as the Normandy Breakout so rarely specific, and so wildly inaccurate when it is?

The answer may lie in the preface, in which Field Marshals Luce and Billings salute the "brave, intelligent men and women" who reported the war for them. Out of nineteen surviving writers and photographers named in that preface, only six are listed—these scant five and a half years after the shooting ended—in the mastheads of *Time* or *Life*. Indeed, one cannot find today on the masthead of either giant publication *one* of the "brave, intelligent" reporters who covered the European campaign. Jack Belden and John Hersey, boasted of in the preface, are missing. So are William Walton, who dropped casually into Normandy with the 82nd Airborne Division, Charles Wertenbaker and a host of other competent journalists. Where are they now—the men who were there and who might have written an *accurate* account?

Not on the staff of *Time* or *Life*—which is one fact that *Life's Picture History of World War II* shows up with great clarity. —AL NEWMAN

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Simone Weil and The Anatomy of Pity

"I have always wanted every single human being in the world—myself excepted—to be protected from the remotest possibility of misfortune; I have never quite resigned myself to the fact that they are not."

The woman who wrote these lines proved by her life that she did not mean them rhetorically. Simone Weil was born in 1909 of French-Jewish bourgeois parents. It was soon apparent that she was extraordinarily gifted. At nineteen she was admitted to the École Normale. This school prepares a rigidly selected élite to be teachers in the French university system. After brilliantly completing her studies in philosophy under the celebrated philosopher E. "Alain" Chartier she was assigned to a post in the provinces. She could reasonably look forward to a university career that proceeded from promotion to promotion, with a professorship at the Sorbonne in Paris as a not impossible goal. But nature, which had provided her with an extremely well-organized mind, had equipped her also with a supreme genius for pity. She found it impossible to look at human suffering without trying to do something about it. Since it was evident that no attempts of hers were likely to bring about any immediate or widespread relief of suffering, she determined to share it.

In 1934 she resigned her professorship and went to work in the Renault automobile plant to share the daily existence of the factory workers. More often than not she gave her weekly pay to help those who needed it more than she did. All her life she was in frail health. At Renault the long, monotonous working hours were hard enough, but harder still was the spiritual climate.

Later she wrote: "What I endured there left its mark. Even today, whenever a human being, in no matter what

circumstances and no matter who he may be, speaks to me gently, I cannot escape the impression that there is some mistake, a mistake that will soon be discovered. Ever since Renault I have always thought of myself as a slave. A slave is one who works for no other reward than to continue existing."

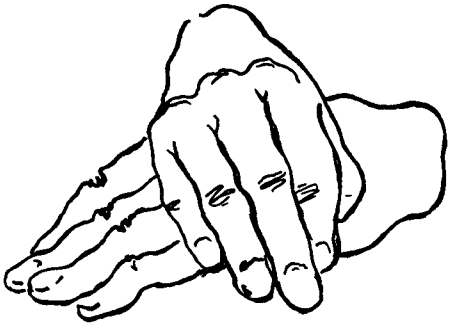
When the civil war came, she went to Spain. She refused to have anything to do with killing anyone, Fascist or not. She went to Spain because people were suffering there with a sort of scandalous obviousness, and she wanted to be with them and do what she could to help them. She had had to leave the Renault factory because of pneumonia; she was forced to leave Spain as the result of an accident in which both of her feet were badly scalded.

Returning to France, she felt increasing despair in the face of the world's indifference toward the catastrophes she saw approaching. No doubt she also suffered from a feeling of personal failure. She lived a solitary life. Her intransigence repelled friendships.

She would admit no weaknesses, nothing trivial, in those she loved. Maurice Schumann, who later was to become one of de Gaulle's chief aides in the resistance and head of the Mouvement Républicain Populaire, said of her: "She must have felt an immense need for tenderness—but she was very difficult to approach."

Her culture was prodigious; she meditated on the Holy Books of the Hindus, the Iliad, the Bible. She was Jewish, but the beauty and truth of the Bible brought her to a great love for Christ. At one time she thought of becoming a Catholic; she exchanged letters with a priest—the letters which make up one of her books, *Expectation of God*. But she could not take a decision that would set her apart from nonbelievers and place her within an organized body. "What frightens me," she wrote, "is the Church as a social entity. I cannot live in a group in which one says 'we.' I feel that it is necessary, ordained, that I must always be alone, always a stranger, in relation to any group whatsoever."

She sought to achieve, in imitation of Christ, a total interior purification. She lived a rigorously ascetic life, wore a sort of shepherd's cloak and heavy boots, and tortured her body in order to render it totally subservient to her will. In spite of the splitting headaches with which she was afflicted all her life, she continued to read the great books, to work on social problems, and to share, in the fullest measure of her devotion, the life of the poor and the humble. "It is nothing at all to be a saint," she said years later.



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"What our times need is a new form of sanctity, an unprecedented sanctity, the sanctity of genius."

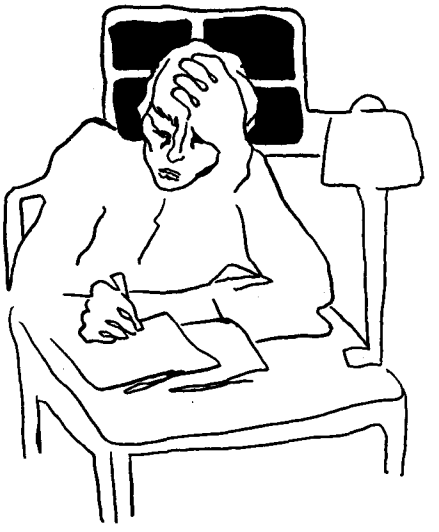
When the war came she was not surprised. Soon she was excluded from any possibility of resuming her teaching by the new anti-Semitic laws. Once more she turned to the poor, this time to agricultural workers. They were, she believed, even less protected against adversity than factory workers. She went to work among them in the vineyards, subjecting her frail body to another impossible test. Later she described this experience: "One day I asked myself if I had not died—without knowing it—and were already in hell—a hell that consisted in picking grapes through all eternity."

Meanwhile, the persecution of the Jews in France was intensified. Reluctantly she seized an opportunity to go to New York. Her stay in the United States was short. In November, 1942, she reached London and joined de Gaulle's Free French.

She was ardently anxious to see France liberated, but remained firm in her principles and still felt, as she had in Spain, that it was inadmissible to kill men, or send men to be killed—even in the cause of freedom. The Free French set her to work on a report to establish what should be the doctrinal basis for the new régime which freedom was to bring to France—a new Declaration of the Rights of Man.

She worked under a deliberate handicap: She was in London; her compatriots were enduring the German occupation in France. She decided that she would only eat the same rations that her compatriots could legally eat in France. Characteristically, she ignored the existence of any such thing as a black market in France. Her frail body had already been seriously weakened by a life of self-denial, hardship, and intense activity. Now her health failed entirely. She was tubercular. For some time she refused proper care. When, finally, she allowed herself to be taken out of London into the country, it was too late. She said that she was happy to see trees again. Then, on August 24, 1943, at thirty-four, she died.

From this account it is clear that her life was a hidden one, a personal one, and that in her modesty and selflessness she wanted it that way. But Simone Weil's life was not destined to remain obscure.



In 1949, the French publishing house of Gallimard brought out a book entitled *L'enracinement.* The text was Simone Weil's London Free French report. There had been one book of hers before, *La Pesanteur et la Grâce,* a volume of notes on mysticism which was highly praised but did not reach the general public. Now, within the space of a few weeks, France became aware that it could add a new name to the lists of its major writers. (*L'enracinement* will be published in English this June by G. P. Putnam's Sons under the title *Waiting for God.*)

When one thinks of the conditions under which *L'enracinement* was written, its content is amazing. In 1942, most minds were compelled to face the immediate necessities of war. Simone Weil was already concerned with the postwar, the future—the base upon which a new and humane society could be built. What we suffer from, she saw, comes from being uprooted: Man needs to be rooted in certainty. One of his certainties must be that the notion of duty precedes the notion of rights. What we must establish is a list of duties that society owes to man—to his soul as well as to his body. Man needs order; he needs to obey; he must be assured the sense of responsibility; he must have his place in a hierarchy; he must own property; he must be assured of justice. These demands must be unconditionally respected. If they are not met, "man falls little by little into a purely vegetative existence, not far different from a living death." A collectivity that does not provide this spiritual nourishment is a community doomed to die. The individuals composing it float about at random, without purpose or will. But "every human being has real, active, and natural roots in a society that preserves alive the treasures of the past and provides a just plan for the future."

Simone Weil's vision is of such a society—where there are order and permanent values; where crime is punished and men can build for the future, not living in constant fear of death or exile. Europe, living under a constant threat, permits no man to grow these roots—without which life is meaningless.

For too long now the world has sought scapegoats for its troubles, blaming race, caste, faction, or the aristocracy, the Jews, big business, the generals—recently the Germans and now the Communists. But a time of exhaustion comes, when such crusades no longer seem so rewarding. After destroying the enemy, can we be so sure that we shall live the truth?

Simone Weil knew that there would be no automatic spiritual renewal: "Victory will liberate a people who have above all learned to disobey, living in a dream of self-indulgence, revenge and killing. The government will be faced with the triple danger of this lust for blood, this willingness to be mendicant, this habit of disobedience."

Simone Weil died at a time when her country seemed dying or dead. She never saw France's rebirth—or, in the hearts of many, the rebirth of her own ardent thought.

—Madeleine Chapsal

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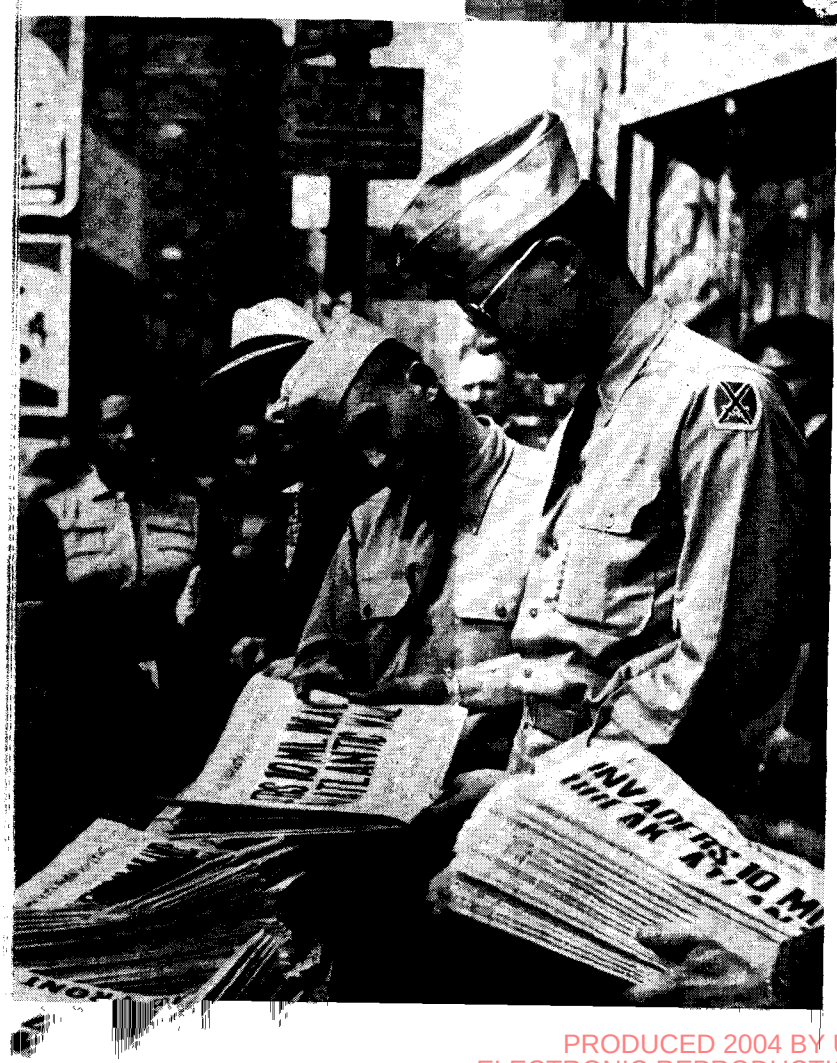

The press and the American public in time of crisis: The people grab for the meanings of distant battlegrounds on which their sons and brothers fight. Too often the press hands them back only the mirror of their own apprehensions, set in the narrow frame of partisanship

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"Bonds paid $2800 down on a house in 1945. They provided $500 toward a new car. And this year when we traded our first house for a new brick one, bonds paid the difference. We had the money only because of our systematic bond buying program."

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